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Hon. Edward Blake's Letter.

Not many years ago, those who dared to criticize the Hon. Edward Blake were reckoned by the Liberal press and party among those sacrilegious infidels who were only permitted to live by the tolerance of those who had been scandalized. As I was one of those upon whose too candid pen the thunderbolts of the gods had been asked to drop, I now undertake to review Mr. Blake's famous letter, feeling certain that no matter how moderate my criticism may be, personal animus will be alleged as my motive. Yet during the past twelve years—but half of Mr. Blake's political life—I have observed him with interest, an interest which began with enthusiasm, grew into wonder and faded into regret. In common with every Canadian, I feel pride in Mr. Blake's high legal status and entertain a considerable belief in his personal honor. Of those we love it is hard to speak dispassionately, our enthusiasm hiding all defects and multiplying every virtue, but in the instance of the Mr. Blake of recent years there has been none of that popular adoration which serves to conceal the faults of a brilliant but unloved politician and one can afford to be just without having to divest one's self of anything but pity.

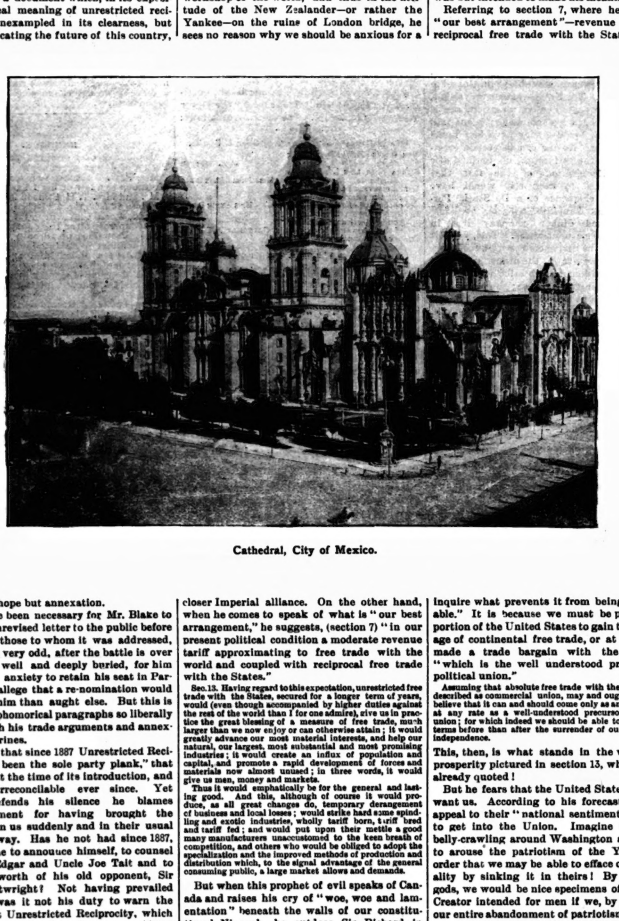
To understand the surroundings which prompted Mr. Blake's defection from his party, we must understand that his party had already largely defected from him. Ill health, noticeable neither prior nor subsequent to his retirement from the leadership, was assigned as the reason of his abdication. In Mr. Blake's case, the ill health business rather than Mr Blake himself has been over-worked. In parliament he grew to be more and more of a sphinx, and in the hearts of Conservatives there began to bud a sickly sprout of regard for the great man who had been able to do nothing with, or for, his own party, but who seemed inclined to favor a policy to which he had long been opposed. Vagrant paragraphs went the rounds of the press that Hon. Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald were not so far apart as they once were, and Conservatives began to congratulate the member for West Durham on his dignified and patriotic course. One can understand that the Liberal party did not observe unmoved, the growth of this alienation, and it is not vain imagining that they sought by every argument and reasonable offer to restore their old chieftain to a seat by their council fire.

With this slight and not unfair preface, which I have esteemed necessary to the comprehension of Mr. Blake's recent attitude, I shall endeavor to use nothing but the language and argument furnished by the honorable gentleman himself, in reaching the conclusions which seem to me unavoidable.

Rumors of the dissolution of parliament were long prevalent before this campaign actually began. With the first disturbance Mr. Blake's sphinx-like attitude became complete. One can conceive of no conspicuous figure in our politics which required so little petrifaction. Expressionless of face and emotionless of heart, absence of speech was all that was required to give his life the calm, and his figure the rigidity of one who has looked out over the sands of the desert for centuries, and has viewed the petty combats of the dervishes on the plains with stony wonder that the vagabond tribes had anything left to fight for.

Nothing ever so well became Hon. Edward Blake as his silence. It approached nearer to statesmanship than aught else in his history. For once he was profoundly feared by his friends; for the first time his name was quoted with reverence by his enemies. As the campaign grew older and more bitter, what his old-time enemies considered to be his opinion on the trade policy was given a superior place to that of any other man. His former friends dared not criticize him, and for once his name was heralded all over Canada as that of one supremely great. It had been well for his fame had not this silence, so well calculated and impressive, been broken by the singular letter which was given to the public on the night of March 5th. This letter, which was seized upon with eagerness by every thoughtful Canadian, had an effect which cannot be measured by the contents of the epistle itself, but must be considered in connection with his celebrated Silence and the unusual disturbance of the people who read it. Of the style of the letter, or letters, it is unnecessary to speak, except as it indicates the time and motive of its composition. The first letter, addressed to the members of the West Durham Reform Convention, was written on February 11th and included the long document which has excited so much attention. As he afterwards explains, he was prevailed upon not to make the enclosure, and the first letter we may presume was sent without it. The second letter, enclosing the first and the third and lengthy document, is dated March 5th, and with this double enclosure was given to the press the same afternoon, the Sphinx having found it impossible to maintain silence another hour. I cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that this bundle of communications is such an exact chart of Mr. Blake's mind, that its perusal as a psychological study is well worth the time necessary to take the various sections apart and put them together again. In addressing his constituents—the members of the West Durham Reform Convention—we find him hurling Latin at the heads of the presumptively admiring agriculturists, accompanied in the next line by a suitable translation as if to say, "Behold how much I know, and as a politician I have come down to your level and condescend to translate it for you." This air pervades his entire communication.

He takes great pains, ever and anon to tell us that he had thought these things out years ago, and would have given us the result of his cogitations sooner had he not considered the food too strong for our infantile brains. But we can pass over these peculiarities as he has at last entrusted to our alleged intellects the letter addressed to the West Durham Reform Convention and which, unless I am mistaken, has not yet been read there. What he calls "the paper referred to in the above letter," consists of thirty-four sections, and a hundred and thirty-seven paragraphs, occupying in close type three columns and a half of a newspaper. That its length and abstruseness are likely to cause misconprehension, have indeed caused it, may not be wondered at when we remember that the critics of the newspapers were busy with election returns and wearied by overwork at the time it was received. If this were not the case I can conceive of no other reason why the Conservative press should herald it as a patriotic document, for it seems to me the most undisguised annexation manifesto ever issued by a man of prominence in this Dominion. The *Globe* alleges that Mr. Blake has gone further than Sir Richard Cartwright, and to the surprise of all those who have considered the meaning of the letter the Conservative press has rushed to his defence, proclaimed him a patriot and his letter one of the greatest state papers ever given to the public. The Liberal papers, appearing to fear its effect on their flock, have been very slow in indicating its vagaries, and it is this condition of affairs which alone leads me to dissect a document which, in its exposition of the real meaning of unrestricted reciprocity, is unexampled in its clearness, but which in indicating the future of this country, leaves us no hope but annexation.



Cathedral, City of Mexico.

It may have been necessary for Mr. Blake to submit his unrevised letter to the public before sending it to those to whom it was addressed, but it sounds very odd, after the battle is over and the dead well and deeply buried, for him to express an anxiety to retain his seat in Parliament and allege that a re-nomination would be dearer to him than aught else. But this is one of the sophomorical paragraphs so liberally mixed in with his trade arguments and annexationist doctrines.

He tells us that since 1887 Unrestricted Reciprocity "has been the sole party plank," that he objected at the time of its introduction, and has been irreconcilable ever since. Yet when he defends his silence he blames the Government for having brought the elections upon us suddenly and in their usual and unholy way. Has he not had since 1887, sufficient time to annouuce himself, to counsel with J. D. Edgar and Uncle Joe Tait and to weigh the worth of his old opponent, Sir Richard Cartwright? Not having prevailed upon them, was it not his duty to warn the country that Unrestricted Reciprocity, which he proves so elaborately and unanswerably to mean commercial union and annexation, was something to be avoided? Presuming that the elections had not been brought upon us suddenly, would he have been in a better plight or would his strictures have come with better grace a few months hence than now? Again and again he tells us that he had found no suitable time or place to reveal himself, yet by his own showing he prepared his letter when his party was expecting dissolution to be announced, and was only prevailed upon to suppress it in the interests of his faction. Even the Conservative press in lauding his patriotism, have expressed the regret that the letter came after rather than before the fight. It seems to me that while it would have done good to the Conservative party its chief strength would have been as an exposition of how far even Edward Blake was prepared to go. He tells us as plainly as Edward Farrer told his American friends, though with more rhetorical frill, that the Liberal party is wearing a mask, and that it will be useless to make two bites of a cherry. Robbed of its ornate circumlocution his letter can mean nothing else, and this, I submit, is the only reason Mr. Blake has shown for deserting his party, or as the *Mail* puts it, when ceasing to be captain feeling it his duty to scuttle the ship.

Why does he object to Unrestricted Reciprocity? Because it involves discrimination against Great Britain? No. Where is there a word of protest against such treatment of the mother country? Because it imperils British connection? No. Where does he express the slightest regret as he proclaims that we are drifting away from our old anchorage? Because it involves annexation? No. Who can point out a word or a phrase in the whole hundred and thirty-seven paragraphs, deploring such a fate? Once he hoped to see us partners "in the freedom, the fortunes and the responsibilities of empire," but he now finds no time or space to reiterate what he probably esteems as an idle dream of his youth. He goes further and imagines that the people of the United Kingdom (section 20) would rather see us annexed to the United States, or on the road to such a fate, than accept Imperial Federation with a tariff discrimination in favor of the colonies!

In fact he fears, (see par. 5, sec. 9) "that the increase of foreign manufactures in part stimulated by hostile tariffs, may rather darken and contract the prospects of Britain as the workshop of the world," and thus in the attitude of the New Zealander—or rather the Yankee—on the ruins of London bridge, he sees no reason why we should be anxious for a closer Imperial alliance. On the other hand, when he comes to speak of what is "our best arrangement," he suggests, (section 7) "in our present political condition a moderate revenue tariff approximating to free trade with the world and coupled with reciprocal free trade with the States."

Sec. 13. Having regard to this expectation, unrestricted free trade with the States, secured for a longer term of years, would (even though accompanied by higher duties against the rest of the world than I for one admire), give us in practice the great blessing of a measure of free trade, much larger than we now enjoy or can otherwise attain; it would greatly advance our most material interests, and help our natural, our largest, most substantial and most promising industries; it would create an influx of population and capital, and promote a rapid development of forces and materials now almost unused; in three words, it would give us men, money and markets.

Thus it would emphatically be for the general and lasting good. And this, although of course it would produce, as all great changes do, temporary derangement of business and local losses; would strike hard some spoiling and exotic industries, wholly tariff born, tariff bred and tariff fed; and would put upon their mettle a good many manufacturers unaccustomed to the keen breath of competition, and others who would be obliged to adopt the specialization and the improved methods of production and distribution which, to the signal advantage of the general consuming public, a large market allows and demands.

But when this prophet of evil speaks of Canada and raises his cry of "woe, woe and lamentation" beneath the walls of our constitutional Nineveh, he outdoes Sir Richard in describing the awful things which flit across his terrified vision. The Conservative policy, he tells us,

Has been, as foretold twelve years ago, towards disintegration and annexation, instead of consolidation and the maintenance of that British connection of which they claim to be the special guardians.

We have left us with a small population, a scanty immigration, and a North-West empty still; with enormous additions to our public debt and yearly charge, an extravagant system of expenditure, and an unjust and oppressive tariff; with restricted markets for our needs, whether to buy or to sell, and all the hosts of evils (greatly intensified by our special conditions) thence arising; with trade diverted from its natural into forced and therefore unprofitable channels; and with unfriendly relations and frowning tariff walls, ever more and more estranging us from the *mighty English-speaking nation to the south*, our neighbors and relations, with whom we ought to be, as it was promised that we should be, living in generous amity and liberal intercourse.

Worse; far worse! It has left us with lowered standards of public virtue, and a death-like apathy in public opinion; with racial, religious and provincial animosities rather inflamed than soothed; with a subservient parliament, an autocratic executive, debauched constituencies and corrupted and corrupting classes; with lessened self-reliance and increased dependence on the public purse and on legislative aids; and possessed withal by a boastful jingo spirit, far enough removed from true manliness, loudly proclaiming unreal conditions and exaggerated sentiments, while actual facts and genuine opinions are suppressed.

It has left us with our hands tied; our future compromised; and in such a plight that, whether we stand or move, we must run some risks which else we might have either declined, or encountered with greater promise of success.

After having pictured us in this posture of deepest degradation, after having alleged that politically we are scarcely worthy the name of men, he kindly points out that while the lamp holds out to burn, etc., "all is not lost."

Yet let us never despair of our country! It is a goodly land; endowed with great recuperative powers and vast resources, as yet almost undeveloped; inhabited by populations moral and religious, sober and industrious, virtuous and thrifty, capable and instructed—the descendants of a choice immigration, of men of mark and courage, energy and enterprise; in the breasts of whose children still should glow the sparks of those ancestral fires.

Under such conditions all is not lost! "Though much be taken, much abides." And if we do but wake from our delusive dreams, face the stern facts in time, repair our errors, and amend our ways, there may still remain for us, despite the irrevocable past, a future, if not so clear and bright as we might once have hoped, yet fair and honorable, dignified and secure.

Have we not reason to thank the sphinx that there yet is a faint hope that we may be clothed on the morrow and fed until we hear from him again? But mark you, this hope does not arise from any prospect of favors to come from Great Britain, a nation which, if they deigned to favor us, as he is sure they will not, "Yet the results of all such efforts must be far below those to flow from a free market throughout our own continent." I ask you to read Mr. Blake's letter for yourselves and judge if I have in any way abused or misconstrued an arrangement which, it seems to me, was but intended to make his meaning obscure.

Referring to section 7, where he speaks of "our best arrangement"—revenue tariff and reciprocal free trade with the States—let us inquire what prevents it from being "practicable." It is because we must be politically a portion of the United States to gain the advantage of continental free trade, or at least have made a trade bargain with the republic, "which is the well understood precursor of political union."

Assuming that absolute free trade with the States, best described as commercial union, may and ought to come, I believe that it can and should come only as an incident, or at any rate as a well-understood precursor of political union; for which indeed we should be able to make better terms before than after the surrender of our commercial independence.

This, then, is what stands in the way of the prosperity pictured in section 13, which I have already quoted!

But he fears that the United States does not want us. According to his forecast we must appeal to their "national sentiment" in order to get into the Union. Imagine Canadians belly-crawling around Washington and trying to arouse the patriotism of the Yankees in order that we may be able to efface our nationality by sinking it in theirs! By the great gods, we would be nice specimens of what our Creator intended for men if we, by exhibiting our entire abandonment of patriotism expected to perform in the United States any sentiment except disgust. Following are paragraphs from section 22.

The national sentiment, which is essential to secure their assent to the arrangement, cannot then be evoked by its business element alone.

The advantage of adjusting by a comprehensive settlement all causes of difference between the two countries would be very great to both, and might advance the plan. But, on the same reasoning, this advantage also is clearer and *greater to us than to them*, and cannot therefore be safely reckoned on to evoke the desired sentiment.

An underlying feeling, however, there is—latent it may be, and inactive, half unconscious and unformulated; disguised in some quarters, doubted, depreciated or repudiated in others; likely perhaps (should party lines be drawn), to be favored rather by Republicans than by Democrats—but a real, deep-seated and widespread; and eminently calculated so to attract the popular imagination and fire the popular heart as to transcend all party lines, and to become indeed a truly national sentiment.

This feeling is that some day, sooner or later, a political reorganization of the continent should and must take place; not by force, but by the free consent of its inhabitants.

This sentiment, I believe, will largely color opinion as to the plan; which accordingly, may, on the one hand, be favored as the best step in the direction of political organization; or, on the other, discountenanced upon the mistaken theory that its rejection would be the best step in the same direction.

And there are obvious forces and methods in our neighbor's, as in all popular politics, which forbid us altogether to disregard the latter contingency.

All the protest he has to make in this humiliating connection is in the nature of a mild warning that we "cannot afford to altogether disregard the latter contingency." This expression is altogether too mild to be expressive of Edward Blake's opinion when a thing is hateful to him, and throughout his letter everything is so pro-annexation in tone, so anti-British in its forecast, that even when he speaks of independence it is viewed as but a step towards a "deal" with our neighbors.

Sec. 23, par. 2.

But next to, though much less warmly than, political union, they would favor Canadian independence; and it is quite possible that, in connection with such a policy, advantageous international arrangements on various most important points, not here brought into discussion, might be secured.

If anything remains to be proven as to the meaning of Mr. Blake's manifesto, it is settled in sec. 25, par. 2 and 3.

You will doubtless have inferred my opinion that the policy of absolute free trade with the States is intimately connected with, and cannot properly be divorced from, the question of our political future, which therefore it must force into the party field.

While not disguising my view that events have already greatly narrowed our apparent range and impeded our apparent freedom of action, I hold by the suggestion that our future should not be settled (as we have allowed it to be settled in the past, perhaps much further than we yet realize) by accident or unwittingly; by sidewinds or the inglorious policy of drift.

"The inglorious policy of drift" forsooth! Since of what has been the policy of the honorable gentleman who has been playing the sphinx? Has he not by his own declaration, sec. 4, par. 3, been "hoping against hope" that some "turn of events" might give him a chance to speak his mind? During all this time he has been keeping quiet on topics, which according to sec. 6, par. 3, "as the times did not allow, silence became more prudent than speech." "The inglorious policy of drift" indeed! What else is being counselled by the words so hard to interpret, words like those on a letter torn to fragments, which we must try to put together that the message may not be lost. Indeed, it was in this way the public once before learned what Edward Blake's meaning was, though this time the epistle comes by way of West Durham and not through the ignoble post-office of a parliamentary cuspidore.

In conclusion Mr. Blake tells his constituents not to suppose "that these are with him questions of yesterday." Mr. Blake, as his followers well know, never permits anyone to begin to think until he has thought it all out, but if he had been all over this ground years ago and had studied out the entire business while we were troubling over the trifles of life, why, unless "silence was more prudent than speech," did he deny us the enlightenment which came so late? He tells us his "views are unchanged to-day," and leaves us to guess what his views were yesterday and to decipher as best we may what they are to-day. This alone remains clear, that he has nothing good to say of British connection, that according to him we have nothing to hope from that quarter! He at the same time exaggerates the benefits we shall (?) derive when we are ultimately more intimately connected with the United States—a florid picture, which is draped only when he tells us that this "best arrangement" is something we may have to beg for and dicker over. Even here he has nothing definite to say! When did he ever have anything definite to say? When did he ever successfully struggle to enunciate a policy without surrounding it with such provisos and so weakening it with "if" and "and" that finally counsel was darkened by a multitude of words without wisdom. When he was leader of the Liberal party his followers and the public generally, clamored for a policy and he never had a policy with him. Now he comes forward and berates his party because he objected to their policy, and by insinuation would have us believe that they refused to listen to his warnings. I feel more pity for his party than for him, for, tired of his obscure rhetoric, for once they really wanted to know what they were after and recklessly determined to have a reason to give for their existence.

There is not an elector in West Durham who could not in a dozen lines have stated his meaning more distinctly than Mr. Blake has done in the hundred and thirty-seven paragraphs in which he argues and advises, berates and praises, and leaves us with a benumbed sense of having read something very wise without knowing exactly what it is all about. Is there, then, not a good reason why I should endeavor to re-arrange his paragraphs and find if there be a logical meaning, and what that meaning is? I ask you again, after having read this review to read the speech itself, and you will decide as the *Globe* has decided, that the Hon. Edward Blake believes annexation to be our ultimate end and way, and that "our best arrangement" is to prepare for annexation with a hostile power which at this moment, according to his words, is scarcely willing to accept us and our tremendous national sacrifice, no matter how we may plead.

May we not imagine as the honorable gentleman wrote the letter, which may become historical, that as argument became exhausted and the lamp burned low he drifted, in the intoxication of the idea that he was composing a state paper, into the exuberance of his sophomore year when pretty words wove themselves almost insensibly into pretty sentences.

It must have been at such a moment that he wrote, "It is to our own convictions right or wrong, that we must after all be true." So after the Reformation when the fires about the stake had died out, old-time Reformers could declare their opinion and be true to their convictions. In like manner, after the lions had fed on early Christians until Christianity had outgrown the sacrifices of the arena, martyrs of Mr. Blake's stamp found it easy to express their belief. If he had convictions he would not—to quote his own words—"deny or conceal" them until they made no difference to the individual or the nation. But he was not impressed with the magnitude of the issue nor the gravity of the crisis, for it seemed to him that if we accepted reciprocity we would simply be going at the right thing in a wrong way. Though he has proved to us beyond peradventure that unrestricted reciprocity meant commercial union, and commercial union meant annexation, after the proofs had been penned he wrote a letter to his brother Samuel to be read in West Durham, hoping that his old friends would elect the U. R. candidate.

(Dated 1st March, 1891, read at Bowmanville on the evening of the 4th March:)

"You tell me you are going down to speak in West Durham and you ask whether I have any message for my old friends. Give them my kindest regards and warmest wishes for their welfare. Assure them that I shall learn at the earliest practicable moment the reason of our separation. Repeat to them the statement which Mr. Mowat made the other day on my authority in East York, that it is my earnest wish that the Liberals may come out of the fight in which they are now engaged with strength not only unbroken but increased, and say that of all the controls I am most anxious that Robert Reith should win in West Durham."

Knowing all this, we must accept much of what he has said as a sort of rhetorical mush which in some quarters has been mistaken for the cream of statesmanship.

Does it not surprise us to hear the Sphinx, when he deigns to open his classic lips, utter such sentences as these (see sec. 35): "What, then, is left for me to do? This only, since I cannot help, to hurt as little as I may, and therefore to go down with my own little ship in silence." Where was he "going down to," pray? To Joppa? Or to the bottom of the say with the far-famed McGinty? We may be sure he did not intend to go down for good, for the "Ides of March"—if that means the 5th inst.—were still with us when the public heard Hon. Edward's silence explode, and left him in the attitude of waiting to be wooed by a new lover.

If it were possible for me to command words which when collected, could be so sweet-sounding and indirect as those of the letter I have presumed to criticize, I too, might be mistaken for something better than a plain citizen; but as I desire no such distinction I ask only that what Mr. Blake has written, the manner of both its concealment and delivery, be considered, that what may be criticized as my rudeness of speech may not be mistaken for the vindictiveness of personal malice. Now, when the elections are far enough passed, should we not carefully consider, that we may properly estimate what we have heard and read? Mr. Blake has endeavored to prove that there is but one road before us, and that is the road to annexation! May I not properly, as a Canadian, deny such an assertion? I say that until Great Britain has refused to grant the colonies, as yet neither organized nor unanimous, a measure of reciprocal trade before pessimists like Mr. Blake convince you that such a thing is impossible. At this hour existing treaties make it impossible, but Canada is absolutely necessary to the empire and the empire is necessary to the greatest possible eminence of Canada. Mr. Blake has reasoned out the destiny of the country as he would reason out a point of law, but you will be convinced I believe, with me, that the future of half a continent and the national destiny of millions of people cannot be disposed of in the self-glorious argument of an ineffectual politician as he delivers himself, by way of the general public, to a jury of dumb-founded farmers.

[POSTCRIPT.]

After having written the above, the following sentence meets my eye:

"*To the Editor of the Globe:*

"SIR,—The contradictory inferences to which a sentence in my Durham letter, detached from its context, has in several quarters unexpectedly given rise, cut upper my reluctance to trespass again so soon upon your columns; and I crave space to say that I think political union with the States, though becoming our probable, is by no means our ideal or as yet our inevitable future. EDWARD BLAKE.

"Ottawa, March 11."

Does this polysyllabic utterance make it any clearer? Either Edward Blake is perpetrating a practical joke on Canadians, or he doesn't know what he believes, or the meaning of what he wrote. It is not a sentence in my Durham letter" which has misled the people, but the Durham letter itself. I have no idea which paragraph he refers to, but feel convinced that as far as I am concerned nothing has been torn from its context, but that I have made my deductions logically from the text itself, even at the risk of being wearisome in the length of what I have written. "Political union with the States," he now admits to be our "probable" fate, but thinks it is not "our ideal or inevitable future." Then what is our "ideal or possible future?" Has he no hopes as well as fears? Sees he nothing but our sins and their punishment? I submit that he, in all his letters, postures as nothing but a big baby-man badly frightened, who has crept ingloriously under a barn erected by his political cowardice.

DON.

Things in General.

I imagine the public will not be any too well pleased to observe that the negotiations between the city and the Street Railway Company have been enlarged for a couple of months, the old company in the meanwhile conducting the business as usual. We may be sure that the service will be as good as formerly, and the loss of revenue will not be great; but what is most distasteful is the disposition of the Mayor and some of the coterie which surrounds him, to manipulate matters so that they may be left in the management of the enormous concern. Two months will not provide more than sufficient time for a settlement of the extensive interests involved, but it is to be sincerely hoped that the time will not be utilized to unsettle rather than mature the plans which have already been made for the transfer of the whole business to the old company, or a new one, on such a basis as was suggested to the ratepayers when the question was submitted to them for arbitrament.

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The first session of the seventh Ontario Parliament, which opened on Tuesday, was mainly distinguished by Mr. Garrow, the successor of Hon. A. M. Ross, taunting Mr. Meredith with his defeat at the June elections. Mr. Garrow may esteem it good taste for a man who has an opportunity to open his mouth in parliament for the first time, to twit one who has served his province as long and faithfully as Mr. Meredith has done, but his opinion is not shared by dispassionate onlookers. Of course Mr. Garrow had to dwell on racial and religious cries, and indulge in accusations of bigotry against a man who is so much larger and wider and in every respect better than himself that no comparison can be made between the two! However, as the gentleman newly arrived from West Huron had nothing but a worn-out campaign speech with him, he must be excused for adopting methods which he found popular in the schoolhouses of his constituency.

* * *

In a political contest lightning strikes in the strangest places. In North Essex Mr. J. C. Patterson was defeated by a large majority—in the neighborhood of eight hundred—though he is personally popular there even amongst his opponents, as well as being esteemed one of the most generous and noblest of men by his political friends. Then in London the Hon. John Carling was beaten as if to make way for our own N. Clarke Wallace of West York as Minister of Agriculture. Surely Sir John will not pass over the claims of both J. C. Patterson and N. Clarke Wallace, the one elected and the one defeated by a huge majority. The Conservative party at large, Mr. Patterson's friends at home, will never forgive the government if it does not provide for one so well loved. Nor will West York nor the friends of N. Clarke Wallace take it kindly if he is forgotten when a new order of things makes it possible to reward faithful and capable service. If there are prizes in politics, and they are few and insufficient for the labor and heartaches necessary to secure them, they should go to the men who have striven long and well and have retained the esteem of the whole community while fighting so vigorously as partizans.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Perhaps some enthusiastic diners out will be amused at the following alleged reasons for a woman's popularity at dinners: "A moment's reflection will show that, far from there being any reason for woman's failure as a diner out, there is every reason why she should excel in this character. The French salons prove that, as leader of a sustained conversation, she is unequalled. If the women of the present talk less well, it is because they have less interested audiences. No one can be very interesting without the stimulus of enthusiastic listeners. Recognition of the fact that one is expected to keep still would have paralyzed the eloquence of a De Staël. Perhaps woman's happiest natural qualifications as good dinner company lies in the fact that she cannot argue. This, while it unfits her for the bar, should work out her unquestioned supremacy at the dinner table. She is perfectly willing to subscribe to two or a half dozen opinions at once; she never lets talk about mere abstractions generate the slightest friction, and she has the tact to avoid constantly all disagreeable subjects. From a feminine point of view a dinner party is not so much a place where one goes to gratify one's palate as a place where one goes to be as charming as possible. This is not a disinterested attitude, but it promises at least better social results than the manly one of making the dinner itself a serious consideration. Since a woman regards her dinner more lightly, it is reasonable to suppose that there is a corresponding increase in her enjoyment of the less material part of the entertainment. It is, indeed, the crowning virtue of woman as a diner out that she may be safely invited to an indifferent dinner."

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The Lieutenant-Governor entertained the following members of the Legislature at dinner on Wednesday evening: Hon. O. Mowat, Hon. R. Harcourt, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, Messrs. W. R. Meredith, E. F. Clarke, H. E. Clarke and E. W. B. Snider, Dr. Gilmour, Dr. McKay, Messrs. H. P. O'Connor, W. T. Lockhart, A. S. Allan, C. C. Field, K. Chisholm, C. Mackenzie, G. B. Smith, J. T. Garrow, J. R. Stratton, T. Blezard, D. Guthrie, C. Clarke, W. C. Caldwell, J. Rayside, N. Awrey, G. W. Monk, R. Tooley, J. Rorke, John Fell, A. Dunlop and W. H. Hammell, Dr. W. W. Meecham, Mr. J. Reid, Dr. Preston, Mr. W. M. Cleary, Dr. Barr, Messrs. A. F. Wood and T. Gibson.

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Mrs. Blackstock and Mr. Beardmore arranged a theater party for Thursday evening at the Academy. Among those present were Miss Helen Beardmore, Miss Seymour and Mr. Matthews.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet welcomed a little company of friends to a tea on Sunday.

* * *

Mrs. Crowther of Bloor street entertained a number of friends on Wedesday evening.

* * *

Mrs. Cecil Gibson of Spadina avenue welcomed guests to a progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening.

* * *

Mrs. Edward Jones of church street gives afternoon tea to a number of guests to-day.

* * *

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer will welcome friends to a tea on Tuesday next.

* * *

Mrs. Blackstock returned on Thursday of last week from a flying visit to the south.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra of College street entertained at dinner on Friday evening of last week. The guests were; Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Col. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Dr. Larratt-Smith, Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Wallis, Mr. Joseph, Mr. H. Brock, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Watson and Mr. Beverley Robinson.

* * *

Mr. J. S. Cockburn and Mr. J. W. Cockburn of London, England, and Old Calabar, West Coast of Africa are in town, the guests of Mr. J. Lester Nichols, Elm Cottage, Rosedale.

* * *

Mrs. Oliver of Ontario street welcomed guests to a pleasant At Home on Friday evening of last week.

* * *

The members of the Argonaut Rowing Club will welcome their friends to a pipe concert on Tuesday, March 17. Two crossed pipes are engraved upon the invitations, and bespeak clouds of fragrant smoke to enhance the delights of a smoker's evening.

* * *

Mrs. Buchan gave a delightful At Home on Saturday last.

* * *

Rev. Rural Dean Forneret of Hamilton was in town over Sunday.

* * *

Miss Grace Mackenzie of Sarnia is the guest of Mrs. Alex. Nairn of Jarvis street.

* * *

Trinity Methodist church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday evening, when Lilian, eldest daughter of Rev. E. R. Young, was married to Mr. R. Newton Helince of Lancaster, England. The bridesmaids were Miss Helen Quay of Port Hope, Miss Florence Strong of Toronto, Miss Grace Morton of Wellesley, and Miss Nellie Taylor of St. Catharines. The maids of honor were the Misses Winnie, Florence and Gracie Lou, sisters of the bride, and Misses Florence McBrien, Florence Strong and Gertie Ross. The best man was Mr. L. R. Young, brother of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, after which Mr. and Mrs. Helince began their journey to New York, whence they will sail on Saturday for England.

* * *

Prof. Robertson of Ottawa was in town this week. He is at the Queen's.

* * *

Chief Justice Armour of Cobourg was in town for a few days this week.

* * *

Miss R. Rees of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. O. P. St. John, on Cameron street.

* * *

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell leaves on Tuesday next for a tour round the world.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. David Walker have gone to Mexico, and after a short stay there will go to California, making San Francisco their headquarters.

* * *

The Misses Alexander of Brunswick avenue welcomed between two and three hundred guests at McBean's Hall on Friday evening, March 6, when a most enjoyable evening was spent in witnessing a production of the comedietta Sierra. The play abounds in clever dialogue, amusing situations and bright repartee and afforded admirable scope for the clever actors who took part. The cast was as follows:

"SIERRA."

A Parlor Comedietta in Two Acts by Grace L. Furniss.

MRS. ORDEGO-JHONES, an admirer of rank.	MRS. CARVETH
SIERRA BERGALINE, her niece, a prairie rose.	MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER
LADY GUINEVERE LLANDFOORS, an English princess, daughter of the Earl of Ayrsaugh.	MISS ANNIE FORTE
EDWARD RALEIGH, a promising young American, half owner of the Sierra Gold Mine.	MR. GRANVILLE F. KLEISER
CHAUNCEY OGLETHORPE, his partner, second son of Lord Doncaster.	MR. WILL W. ALEXANDER

Miss Jessie Alexander, in the title *role*, was as much at home on the stage as she has always proved herself on the platform, while the other characters sustained their parts with ease and excellence worthy of professional actors. Sig. Marcicano's orchestra rendered some very enjoyable musical selections during the evening. The Misses Alexander are to be congratulated on devising so successful a form of entertainment so much more novel than the stereotyped social evening.

* * *

Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Carlton street, gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Thursday, to meet Mrs. William Macdougall of Ottawa, who is spending the week here, on her way to Cincinnati.

* * *

Mrs. O. P. St. John of Cameron street gave a charming progressive euchre party on Friday evening of last week.

* * *

A very successful parlor concert was held at the residence of Mr. D. A. Pender of North Drive, Rosedale, on Tuesday evening, in aid of the furnishing fund of Westminster church. The programme was under the direction of Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, assisted by Mr. Harold Jarvis, Miss Roblin, Miss Jarvis, Miss Dallas, Mrs. Elmsile, the Misses Hamilton, Mr. Dinelli and Mr. McMurtry, and the concert was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present.

* * *

Mr. Lawson of London, England, editor of the *Financial Times*, was entertained by the Mayor at luncheon at the National Club on Friday of last week. The other guests were principally presidents and managers of banks.

* * *

The third assembly under the auspices of the officers of the Royal Grenadiers, and the last of the series, will take place on Thursday, April 9.

* * *

A very pleasant re-union of the members of Chesterfield Lodge, Sons of England, took place last Monday night in Shaftesbury Hall. The president of the lodge, Bro. George Chaterworthy, occupied the chair. Excellent addresses were given by Grand President Richard Ivens and Past Grand-President Thomas R. Skippon, interspersed with some capital songs by Bro. Boyd and others, after which the members enjoyed a rare treat when Bro. Sam. Jones delivered an interesting lecture on Tom Hood, the poet. The humourous and pathetic sides of Hood's work were shown in a masterly manner by the eloquent lecturer, who held the sympathies of his large audience from the commencement to the close. The unanimous desire was expressed that Bro. Jones would be persuaded to deliver a second lecture at an early date.

* * *

The staff of the British America Assurance Company hold their first annual smoking concert at Harry Webb's on March 19.

* * *

The members of the Canadian Shorthand Society will entertain their friends at a supper to be given at Webb's on Monday evening.

* * *

The Queen City Lodge, No. 56, I. O. O. F., welcomed a delighted company of guests to an At Home in Webb's parlors on Wednesday evening. The entertainment was given in honor of the twenty-first anniversary of the lodge. The arrangements were perfected with care, and dancing was still in progress when the clocks were striking the larger morning hours.

* * *

The Dramatic Club's entertainment, held in the schoolroom of the Unitarian church, Jarvis street, on Wednesday evening, was a very successful affair. The performance, which consisted of a farce and a comedietta, went off very smoothly. The performers were well trained and acted their parts very creditably. The following persons took part: Messrs. E. P. Hopkins, W. M. Rose, J. S. King and W. B. Cherry; Miss King, Miss Ashenfelter, Miss S. Scales, Miss Scales and Miss Lizzie King.

* * *

The Artists' Fancy Ball will take place at their art gallery on Easter Tuesday. The number of tickets is strictly limited to four hundred. About a hundred have already been disposed of. Guests are expected to appear in fancy dress, powdered hair or uniform.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

The elections now being over, affairs are beginning to assume their usual aspect again. The amount of active interest taken in the late contest by the large body of law-students, was simply phenomenal, as was also the amount of money raked in by them in the shape of D. R. O. and poll clerk fees, to say nothing of the spoils of our stump speakers. The only trace that remains is the prevalence of colds in the head, which unfortunately interferes more or less with the lectures. Indeed, during the "common law" lecture to the first year class last Tuesday, one of the unfortunate victims of election night emitted a sneeze of such a pronouncedly fog-horn type, that proceedings had to be stopped for a short time to allow his admiring class-mates to give him a due meed of applause. However, after the lapse of a decent interval to ascertain whether he had any further explosions concealed about his person, and to re-adjust the furniture, the lecturer, complimenting him on his successful effort, proceeded with the lecture, but it was some little time before the atmosphere fully recovered its usual calm.

The complimentary dinner to the At Home committee took place last Tuesday evening. Your correspondent was not present (owing to a slight informality in the invitations), but was informed that it was a very great success.

Owing to the interference occasioned by the elections it has been thought advisable to postpone the public debate till April 4.

The examinations are beginning to loom up on our horizon, and the sense of approaching exams. is having a quieting effect on even the most turbulent members of the different years, and causes an additional amount of attention to the lectures.

LEX.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Morris of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Parker of James street south.

Mrs. F. N. Walker gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon to a few of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stinson left on Tuesday evening, at 5.40, for a visit of two months to Nassau, where they will enjoy the sea breezes and recuperate after their long political siege.

Miss Proudfoot of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. William Wood of James street. Mrs. Wood gave a delightful tea on Tuesday in honor of her guest.

Miss Hope of Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. Harvey, left for home on Friday evening.

Miss Tuttle of Boston is the guest of Mrs. John Glassco of Machin street.

Mrs. Bruce gave a small tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Morris gave a charming tea on Monday afternoon.

A meeting of the Boys' Home committee was held at the residence of Mrs. Leggat on Tuesday afternoon, when it was decided that Gilbert & Sullivan's opera, H. M. S. Pinafore, should be produced here during the month of May, and the ladies are endeavoring to secure the best talent possible, so that we may expect a splendid production, and everyone is glad that comic opera, which had subsided here for the past few years, is about to be revived. Of course the caste has not yet been decided upon.

Mrs. Henry Fuller is visiting friends in Toronto.

The Misses Howard of Oak Bank are visiting in Buffalo at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Skinner have returned from Vienna, where Mrs. Skinner has been visiting her parents for over a year.

Mrs. Jack Hendrie gave another delightful luncheon on Friday of last week.

Mr. John Park and Mr. Tuckett left on Tuesday evening for an extended trip though Mexico and expect to be away about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie spent last week in New York, and returned Wednesday accompanied by Miss Tina Hendrie, who has just returned from Paris, where she has spent over two years.

Miss Bermer of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Calder of Hughson street.

SYLVIA.

Teeth an Index of Character.

A leading dentist says: "To determine a person's character by the teeth, take the upper front teeth. They are a true index of the nature of a man or a woman. Here," he said, "is the tooth of a young lady who has a lovely disposition and is universally beloved; see how regular and dainty the formation is, and yet possessing all the requisite points for a perfect tooth. Here you see the tooth of a man who is cruel, although his cruelty is of the refined kind; notice that the tooth is white and rather sharp and long. Then, this tooth, stumpy and coarse in form, denotes brutality; it is from the jaw of a man of brutal nature. Here is a curious tooth from the mouth of a peevish, fretful man, and crowns has a sharp, fretful turn to it. Now we have the tooth of a sensuous woman; you see it is square, although of good shape, and depressed in the centre. This wearer has caused a great deal of distress in the hearts of neglected wives. Now we come to one that belonged once in the mouth of a lady who is noted for her refinement and intellectual development. It is slender and perfect in shape—one of the kind of teeth going with long, slender fingers. Again, this tooth is from the mouth of a much grosser nature; this woman is selfish, but has, on the whole, a kindly nature and would not willingly hurt another's feelings, but it is her nature to be regardless of others.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

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Nowadays.

Master De Wilbee Riche—Nurse! who was zat lady wiv ze dog, zat tissed me dus' now!

Nurse—Why, dear, that was your mama

Boudoir Gossip.

A plentiful supply of hair, if it be of good color and well kept, is a blessing to either a woman or a man. Many a face owes its attractiveness to a pretty frame of hair. As to color, we usually credit the black-haired person with moodiness, jealousy and strength of purpose if the features bear it out. The brown hair belongs to those of gentler dispositions, who have more of the practical in their nature, and less of the commanding genius, but strong energy if the hair itself is not too fine and weak. The red-haired girl has always been credited with a non-angelic temper and a warm heart. Pure blonde hair (*a la* Dame Nature) is supposed to crown the heads of cheerful, mild-mannered people, whose hearts beat less wildly and whose minds run in the trodden paths.

In hair-dressing among women, there are now as ever, frizzy heads, carefully-tortured puffs, and a due accompaniment of coiled braids. While I have noticed some odd mannerisms in the arrangement of women's crowning glory, I have been more deeply interested in the arrangement and disarrangement of the natural covering of men's heads. Because men keep their hair short, and bestow little care upon its training, there is considerable character in those locks which have grown long enough to have a will of their own. Many a man makes faces at his mirror because his "double crown" will announce itself by a bunch of upright hairs. A woman, bless her heart, can brush it the other way, introduce a hair pin to it and it is submissive. Usually men try to ignore the fact that they are vain. Sometimes we almost believe them, but "far-fetched" hair is conclusive proof that vanity holds high carnival in the masculine heart. When special locks are coaxed to grow long enough to cover special spots, the man is vain. The aggressive type of hair-dressing is another laughable one. It would be pompadour if it could, but it is too stiff, and so is simply upright bristles, seeming to announce a continual state of terror. The odd freaks of fore-locks are sometimes amusing, and Tadita instituted a laughable comparison while examining the photograph of a run-away bang.

"I don't like his hair," was her decisive verdict—"it looks so much like a v'randah."

In an old fashioned church in Toronto, I spent some minutes in deciding upon the process by which a certain old man's head was adorned. The front, top and sides were bald, and at the back the growth was thick and partly gray. A straight parting divided it, and each tress had grown long enough to pass about the sides and meet its other half above the brows, where the ends were twisted together.

A most remarkable effect was the result of this original and high-handed method.

*

People talk of veils as vanities and denounce them as fads, and I hope all women-kind will rise and defend the gauzy, expensive, dear, delightful things. They are too useful to be cast aside and we can bring forth abundant reason for their universal adoption. In the first place, they are a protection against the cutting winds of winter. They keep at least one half the dust from finding a lodging in our pores. They hold rebellious bangs in leash, and defy the March winds or the swiftly alternating rain and snow to "take out the curl." They hide worn hat brims. They shade weak eyes. They give a feeling of retirement to a woman who goes about alone, and they add dignity to her personality and grace to her appearance.

*

Miss M. M.—Many thanks for the note. I will be there.

*

You who were born in March should wear the bloodstone for your lucky gem. It is, at least, unique, with its green hue and tiny spots of red jasper. To this stone the superstition of past days attributed varied powers. Among them was the ability to inculcate courage, insure safety amid danger, and crown hazardous enterprises with perfect success.

*

Cathie: I must say that I prefer the neat little leather case to any fancy bag for the opera-glass, but one made of crochet work in the following manner is certainly pretty. Cover brass rings with single stitch in any delicate tint of knitting silk, then make the bottom of the bag of silk-covered pasteboard, the shape of the bottom of the glasses. To this foundation the rings are sewn row after row until the bag is deep enough, when it is closed by narrow ribbons ran through the upper rings.

*

Some genius in Pennsylvania has suggested that the corporation should bore a pipe line ten thousand feet below the earth's surface to conduct the warm interior air into a reservoir, and use it for heating purposes. It sounds as if the experiment might afford a harvest for interviewers and newspapers generally, but I think that a general safety committee, five hundred strong, should be appointed to test the efficiency of the draught apparatus. It would be an appalling disaster if Mother Earth got the upper hand of the machinery and made it so hot for our enterprising cousins that even our Canadian winter would become enervated and dwindle into warm weather with the thermometer going up.

*

The following Lenten wail may touch a responsive chord. Woeful Jack is evidently submissive under the law of necessity.

LENT.

Whence this horrible stagnation?
Not one single invitation
Ever comes,
Tho' before Ash Wednesday morning
Tired to death was I adorning
These At Homes.

Balls and "shines" with steady measure
Every night required "The pleasure
Of my Co."
Now—upon a shelf reposes,
Folded up as meek as Moses,
My dress clo'.

All throughout the Lenten season
Tho' I can't define the reason,
I must rest,
Gradually I'm growing thinner
And a fishy one course dinner
I digest.

So I somewhat long for Easter
When my appetite may feast her
Full extent,
(When society's more sunny
Tho' I'm saving lots of money
During Lent)

No new ties, nor gloves, nor flowers,
No swell suppers—no late hours
I enjoy—
Every night I turn in early,
(I'm in fact my mother's curly-
Headed boy.

WOEFUL JACK.

*

Why do men who preach, teach, act or sing wear beards? To do the actors and the vocalists justice, it is seldom that they offend in this particular, but ministers too often allow a growth of whiskers to seriously interfere with their enunciation and to rob their addresses of much force by denying to their audiences the varying expressions of their mouths. I listened on Sunday night last, to a clergyman whose beard hung down some eight or ten inches. His sombre clerical garb matched his eyes, and sat stared at his curious physiognomy the black beard resolved itself into a part of the coat, and seemed to extend in a box plait from the second button. Reaching his nose it divided and two strips met his hair at the sides. The awful blackness was depressing, and only by looking away could a semblance of cheerfulness be garnered from the badly-mouthed words.

*

A philosopher is a man who teaches other people how to bear trouble, and yet does not wince when it touches him. According to this definition there are few philosophers, for though we may effect the indifference of the non-committal Sphinx, there are places in our hearts where trouble's hand causes intense agony. It may not be because we are over-selfish for ourselves, but we may guard some other's interest with miser's care. It would be well could we say of all selfish consideration:

"But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me."

CLIP CAREW.

Living and Loving.

It isn't life's purple and gold, dear,
That makes it best worth living,
Not always the very costliest gifts
Are dearest and best worth giving.
The heart that beats in truest time
With the music of creation,
Is happier far than his whose will
Can make or mar a nation.

The little sunny gleams that prove
Our dark cloud's hopeful lining,
Are brighter, dear, than it we had
Walked always in the shining.
I do not think God loves us less,
Or frowns on us heavier,
Because we cover up a sigh
With single-hearted laughter.

There is no heart to poor but gives
If it but will, a treasure
Richer than any kings may own,
Greater than time can measure.
No life can e'er be poor and cold,
Or craving some new blessing,
That hath and holdeth fairy gold,
Love's gracious self possessing.

Love scaneth depths that none may reach
With any common plummet,
It leadeth up to heights beyond
This work-a-day life's summit.
A little tender, human love,
Just at the right time given,
Goes far to make this sad old earth
Seem like a piece of Heaven.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

That Troublesome Allowance.

Before a girl becomes a wife she cannot help planning sometimes how she may spend her allowance from her husband to the best advantage; afterward she often spends a good deal of time planning how she may get an allowance to spend.—*Somerville Journal.*

All the World Loves a Lover.

George—I find it very hard, E'hel, to respect your father's opinions; they differ so from the rest of the world.

Ethel—In what respect?

George—In regard to loving a lover!—*Life.*

Just as Good.

Maud—Has Clara really traveled so extensively?

Ethel—No, but she has read the guide books carefully.—*Munsey's.*

For Business.

Fashion indicates for business wear for this season two general styles, the sack and cutaway walking coat. The sack coat is a very favorable and comfortable coat, more especially for the younger men, and will be worn a great deal this season. The cutaway walking coat is the favorite for business use for all ages. It has demonstrated its suitability against all other styles. It is neat and manly, yet convenient and comfortable. The principal change in style this season is a shade lower cut, and leaving more space on the shirt front to display the wide four-in-hand scarf now prevailing. The fashionable colors for Scotch wool tweeds and cheviots are tobacco brown, grayish blues, dark grays, and tan colors. These are the prevailing shades for this season, and which, in point of style, make up very handsomely. Such are the goods which the Fashionable West End Tailor has just received by special importation, and which are now open for inspection. I take this opportunity of asking my patrons and the public generally to call early and leave their orders for spring. By so doing they have the opportunity of getting first choice.

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CHAPTER XII.

"OUT WENT MY HEART'S NEW FIRE AND LEFT IT COLD."

Gerard Hillersdon and Mrs. Champion met but rarely during the month of May. Doomed men are apt to linger beyond the hopes or anticipations of their medical attendants, and the famous physician from Cavendish square continued his ol weekly visits through all the bright long sunny days, always over to the perpetual pursuit of pleasure—a chase from which Mrs. Champion's handsome face and form were missing. Other figures there were as perfect, other faces as famous for their charms; and it was only once in a way that one of the butterflies noted the absence of that queen butterfly: it was only once in a way that friendship murmured with a sigh, "Poor Mrs. Champion, mewed up with an invalid husband all through this lovely season!"

Edith Champion gave the fading life her uttermost devotion. She had a keen sense of honor, after all—this wife who had gone on loving her first lover all through her married life. She had a more sensitive conscience than her world would have readily believed. She wanted to do her duty to the dying husband, so that she might surrender herself heart and mind to a new life of gladness when he should be at peace, and yet feel no sting of remorse, and yet have no dark, overshadowing memory to steal across her sunlight.

With this laudable desire, she spent the greater part of her life at Finchley, where she had taken a villa near the doctor's house, so as to be within call by day or night. She isolated herself from all friends and acquaintances except Gerard Hillersdon, and even him she saw only two or three times a week, driving into London and taking tea in the sad Hertford street drawing-room, with her nerves always somewhat strained in the dread of some urgent telegram that should call her back to her duties.

"The end may come at any moment," she said. "It would be dreadful if I were absent at the last."

"Do you think it would really matter—to him?" asked Gerard.

"I think it would. He rarely addresses me by name, but I think he always knows me. He will take things from my hand—food or medicine—which he will not take from the nurses. They tell me he is much more restless when I am not there. I can do very little for him, but if I can make him just a shade easier and clearer by sitting at his bedside, it is my duty to be there. I feel that it is wrong even to be away for a couple of hours this afternoon—but if I did not leave him and that dreary, dingy house once in a way, I think my brain would go as his has gone.

"Is the house so very dreadful?"

"Dreadful, no. It is a charming house, well-furnished, the very pink of neatness, in the midst of a delightful old garden. It is what he knows about it—the troubled minds that have worn themselves out in those prim, orderly rooms, the sleepless eyes that have stared at those bright, pretty wall paper, those garden, and wild delusions, the attempted suicides, the lingering deaths! When I think of all those things the silence of the house seems intolerable, the ticking of the clock a slow torture. But you will teach me to forget all that by and by, Gerard! You will teach me to forget, won't you?"

That was the only allusion she had ever made of late to the near future. It was forgetfulness she yearned for, as the chief boon the future could bestow.

"You cannot think how long this summer has seemed to me," she said. "I hope I am not impatient, that I would gladly hasten death by a single day—but the days and the hours are terribly long.

Half an hour was the utmost respite that Mrs. Champion allowed herself in that cool, perfumed room, *tete-a tete* with her first lover, surrounded with all the delicate trifles, the dainty tea table, with tiny sandwiches and heaped up fruit, the automatic Japanese fan, mounted on a bamboo stand, set in motion with the slightest touch, the new magazines and magazines scattered about, to be carried off in her Victoria presently, poor solace of wakeful nights. Only half an hour of delicious tête-a-tête with a man she loved, broken into very often by some officious caller, who saw her carriage at the door, and insisted upon being let in.

It seemed to her now and then that Gerard was somewhat absent and restrained during these brief *tete-a tetes*, but she attributed his languid manner to the depressing nature of what she had to tell him. Her own low spirits communicated themselves to him.

"We are so thoroughly in sympathy," she told herself.

He left her one afternoon late in June, and instead of going into the park where the triple rank of carriages by the Achilles statue offered a bouquet of high-bred beauty, and the latest triumphs of court dressmakers to the eye of the beholder, he walked into the Albemarle Hotel and dropped into Sloane street, and thence to Chelsea. His feet had taken him in that direction very often of late.

He had found no difficulty in discovering Hester's dwelling-place, for on his way to the St. Cecilia Club he had stumbled against old Jenkins, bottle-nosed, shabby, but wearing a clean linen, carefully brushed clothes, and with a certain survival of his old Oxford manner.

Neither drunken habits nor adversity nor vicissitudes had impaired the old man's memory. He recognized Hillersdon at a glance, and cordially returned his greeting.

"Wonderful changes have come about since we saw each other in Devonshire, Mr. Hillersdon," he said. "I have gone very low down the ladder of fortune, and you have climbed very high up. I congratulate you upon your good luck—not undeserved; certainly not. It was a brave deed, my dear young friend, and merited a handsome reward. I read the story in the newspapers."

"A much exaggerated version of the truth, no doubt. I'll walk your way, if you please, Mr. Davenport. I should like to hear how the world has used you."

"Scurvily, sir, very scurvily; but perhaps no worse than I deserved. You remember what Hamlet says: 'Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?' I don't like to take you out of your way, Mr. Hillersdon."

"My way is no way. I was only strolling—with no settled purpose."

They were on the Chelsea embankment, where the old houses of Cheyne walk still recall the old world quiet of a day that is dead, while the Suspension Bridge and Battersea Park tell of an age that means change and progress.

"You like old Chelsea and its associations," said Davenport.

"Very much. I remember the place when I was a boy, and I recognize improvement everywhere but I grieve over the loss of landmarks. Don Saltero, the old narrow Cheyne walk, the sober shabbiness—"

"There are older things that I remember—in the days when my people lived in Lowndes square, and I used to come fresh from Balliol to take my fill of pleasure in the London season. My father was a prominent Tory, a man employed in all the great cases where intellect and oratory were wanted. He was earning a fine income—though not half as much as your famous silk gowns earn nowadays—and he spent as fast as he earned. He had a large family and was very liberal to his children—and when he died, in the prime of life, he left his widow and family the fag-end of a lease, a suite of Louis Quatorze furniture, already out of fashion, a choice collection of Wedgewood, and a few Prouts, Tophams, Hunts, and Duncans. He had put away nothing out of the big fees that had been pouring in for the last fifteen years of his life. He used to talk about beginning to save next year, but that next year never came. The sale of the lease and furniture made a little fund for my mother and three unmarried daughters. For me and my brothers the world was our oyster—to be opened as best we might."

"You had scholarships to help you."

"Yes, Greek and Latin were my only stock in trade. A friend of my father's gave me a small living within a couple of years of my entering priest's orders, and on the strength of that I married, and took private pupils. I lost my wife when Hetty was only twelve years old, but things had begun to go wrong before then. My second living was in a low district, village and vicarage on clay soil, too many trees, and no drainage. The devil's tooth of neuralgia fastened itself upon me, body and bones, and my life for some years was a perpetual fight with pain—like Paul I fought with beasts—invisible beasts—that gnawed into my soul. Here is my poor little domicile. I hardly knew we had walked so far."

He had taken his homeward way automatically, while Gerard walked beside him, through shabby streets of those small semi-detached houses which the builder has devised for needy gentility and prosperous labor—here the healthy mechanic with five and thirty shillings a week, corduroy trousers and shirt sleeves, there the sickly clerk, with a weekly guinea and a thread-bare alpaca coat; here clean and shining windows and flower boxes, there dirt and slatternliness, broken bottles, and weeds in the tiny forecourt, misery and squalor in its most hideous aspect. Gerard had marked the shabbiness of the neighborhood, and he felt that in the midst of this sordid labyrinth he should find his Ariadne though her hand would never have furnished him with the clue.

The house before which Mr. Davenport stopped was no better than the other houses which they had passed, but the best had been made of its shabbiness, the forecourt was full of stocks and carnations, and a bed of Mary Illies marked the boundary rail which divided this tiny enclosure from the adjacent patch. The window panes shone bright and clear, and the tiny garden was the happiest garden of yellow leafed geranium, yellow marguerites, and mignonette.

"What a pretty little garden," exclaimed Gerard.

"Yes, there are a good many flowers for such a scrap of ground. I suppose I am very fond of our garden—we're a goodish bit of ground at the back. It's about the only thing we can take any pride in with such surroundings as ours."

And then, lingering at the gate, as Gerard lingered, the old man asked:

"Will you come in and rest after your walk? I can give you a lemon squash."

"That's a tempting offer upon one of the hottest afternoons we have had this year. Yes, I shall be glad to sit down for half an hour, if you are sure I sha'n't be in your way."

"I shall be very glad of your company. I get plenty of talk when Hetty is out on her long tramps to Knightsbridge. She often passes the house in which her grandfather used to conduct a business in the people's London—a work-girl, with a bundle under her arm. Hard, sir! it is!"

He opened the door and admitted his visitor into a passage fourteen feet by two feet six, out of which opened the front parlor and general living room, a small room, nearly square, and with a little cupboard on each side of the fireplace. Gerard looked about him with greedy eyes, noting every detail.

The furniture was of the commonest, a pembroke table, half-a-dozen cane-bottomed chairs, a sofa, such as can only be found in lodging-house parlors; but there were a few things which gave an individuality to the place and in some wise redeemed its sordid shabbiness. Fronting the window stood a capacious arm chair, covered with chintz, and beside it this ugly sofa was draped with soft Japanese muslin; a cheap paper screen of cool coloring broke the ugly outline of the folding doors, and a few other bits of old china and a row of books gave meaning to the wooden slabs at the top of the dwarf cupboards.

There was a bowl of flowers on the table, vivid yellow coroccoklies, which brightened the room like a patch of sunlight.

"Try that easy chair," said Davenport, "it's uncommonly comfortable."

"Thanks, no," seating himself near the window, "this will do very nicely. That's your chair, I know."

"It is," sighed the old man sinking into its cushioned depths. "It was Hettie's present on my birthday. Hetty and she worked extra hard to save enough money to buy this chair from a broker in the King's road. It was a shabby old chair when it first saw it—but I sent it home by the carrier, and I told Hetty I would pay for it by degrees, and the next time I passed the dealer's yard—where the chair used to stand in the open air amongst a lot of old mahogany—I asked, I told Hettie it had disappeared. 'Sold, I suppose,' said she, 'what a pity!' And nearly a year afterwards, on my birthday, the chair was brought in, freshly covered, as you see it. My poor girl had been paying for it by degrees, a shilling or two at a time, ever since I mentioned it to her. How proud and happy we both were that day, in spite of our poverty. I remember when I was at the university my brothers used to talk about Hetty's mother to me silver-wedding day—and it only resulted in general mortification. She was sorry we had spent our money—and she didn't like the shape of the kettle. It was half covered with a long inscription, so we couldn't change it, and I know that my sisters never forgave her for it before the day was over. But I must make you that lemon squash—*nunc est bibendum*. Perhaps, though, you'd prefer a cup of tea?" with a curiously interrogative look. "There isn't any gin in the house, but I could send for a bottle, if you like."

"I much prefer the unsophisticated lemon, though I envy a city waiter the facility with which he made his name a part of the convivial vocabulary. Falstaff could not have done more."

Mr. Davenport opened one of the dwarf cupboards and produced tumblers, lemons, and pounded sugar. The lemons were cut in three, and reappeared in a few minutes with a jug of fresh water. His narrow means did not permit him the luxury of ice. He concocted the two glasses of lemonade carefully and deliberately, Gerard Hillersdon watching him all the time in a melancholy reverie, but the image that filled the mind was that of the absent daughter, not the form of the father bodily present to his eye.

He was thinking of yonder easy chair, paid for in solitary shillings, the narrow margin left from the bare necessities of daily life. He thought of that refined and delicate face, that slender form, so proud in its poverty, for life's common uses—thought of her daily deprivations, her toilsome walks, her wearisome monotonous work.

Yes, there was the modern wheel upon which feminine poverty is racked—the sewing machine. It stood in front of the window by which he was sitting. She had covered it with a piece of art muslin, giving an air of prettiness even to the instrument of her toil. A pair of dell candlesticks stood on a little table near the machine, with the candles burnt low in the sockets. She had been working late last night, perhaps. It maddened him to think that out of all his wealth he could do nothing to help her—she would take nothing out of his superabundance. If he were to heed the appeals of all the strangers who wrote to him—pouring out their domestic secrets, their needs and troubles, in eight-page letters, he might give away every penny of his income—but this woman, whom he yearned to help, would take nothing. This was Fate's sharpest irony. He sipped his lemonade and discussed the political situation with Dr. Davenport, whose chief occupation was to read the papers at the Free Library, and who was an ardent politician. He lingered in the hope of seeing Hester before he left.

It was nearly four o'clock, and the June afternoon had a drowsy warmth which was fast beguiling old Nicholas Davenport into slumber. His words were coming very slowly, and he gradually sank into a blissful silence, and was off upon that rapid dream journey which takes the sleeper into a new world in an instant—plunges him among people that moment invented, whom he seems to have known all his life.

A bee was humming amongst the sweet-scented stocks, and a town butterfly was fluttering about the mignonette. A bird's cry in the next street came with a musical sound, as if the hawker had been some monotonous bird with a song of only three notes. Still Gerard lingered, hoping that the old man would wake presently and resume the conversation. He was in despair at the idea of leaving without seeing Hester.

He wanted to see that delicately modelled face—the face in the Sposalizio—in the daylight. He wanted to be friend, if she would let him. What harm would there be in such a friendship? They were too completely severed by the iron wall of circumstance ever to become lovers. But friends they might be—friends for mutual help and comfort. He could share with her the good fortune of this life. She could spiritualize his lower nature by the influence of that child-like purity, which set her apart from the common world.

He heard a light footstep, and then the click of a latch. She was at the gate, she was coming in, a slim and graceful figure in a light cambric gown, and a sailor hat, with a neat little white straw hat, which cast pearly shadows on the exquisite cheek and chin, and darkened the violet eyes.

She started and blushed crimson on seeing him, and cast a despairingly reproachful look at her father who had been confusedly in the midst of a dream. Gerard had risen as she entered, and stood facing her.

"Don't be angry with your father or with me, Miss Davenport. We happened to meet each other an hour ago on the embankment, and I walked home with him. And now that I am admitted to your home you will let me bring my sister, I hope. She will be glad to renew her old friendship with you. Do not hold her at arm's length, even if you shut your door against me. You know how sympathetic she is."

Hester did not answer him for a minute or so. She went into a chair, and took off her neat little sailor hat, and passed her hand across her brow, smoothing the soft rippling hair which fell over the low, broad forehead. She looked tired and harassed, almost too weary for speech, and at last, when speech came, there was a languor in her tone, an accent of one who suffers.

"Yes, I remember," she said, "your sister was always good and sweet. She was very kind to me; some of my happiest hours were spent with her. But that is all past and done with. It is hardly kind of you to ask me to remember—"

"I don't want you to remember the old life. I only want you to open your heart to an old friend, who will help to make your present life happier. Lilian may come, may she not? I can see you mean yes."

"How can I say no, when you are so eager to do me a kindness?" and then she glanced at the old man who dozed on, with a look in her mind a face that will recall his residence at Helmsleigh and all he suffered there."

"No, no, Hettie, I suffered little. I have suffered too much, and in too many places, since the Pain-devil stuck his claws into me. If the people who blame men who talk of my drunken old dotard—could suffer an hour of the agony I have suffered off and on for months at a stretch, they would be a little more charitable in their judgments. I am speaking your father, Mr. Hillersdon; he was very good to me. He bore with me as long as he could, till his patience failed him. It was a terrible scandal; no man could bear up against it. I felt after that night all was over."

"Don't, father, don't speak of it."

"I must, Hettie. I want to tell Mr. Hillersdon all that you have been to me—what a heroine, what a martyr!"

"Nonsense, father! I have only done what other daughters are doing all the world over. And thank God you are better now! You have had very little of the old pain for the last two years. You are stronger and better, living as you do now, than when—when you were less careful. Your neuralgia will never come back, I hope."

"If Miss Hillersdon doesn't mind visiting us in this shabby lodging, we shall be very pleased to see her, Hetty," said Mr. Davenport, trembling a remorseful tear. "It cute me to the heart that my poor girl has not a friend in the world, except Lady Jane Twyford."

His request being granted, Gerard had no excuse for delaying his departure. He offered his hand to Hester as he said good-bye, and when her slender fingers touched his, a flush of cheek and brow flushed as if a wave of fire had passed over his face, and his eyes grew dim; only for a moment, but that fiery wave had never clouded his vision at sight of any other woman—not even Edith Champion, to whom he had given the devotion of years. His heart was beating violently as he walked along the shabby street, past gardens that were full of summer flowers, and forecourts that were no better than rubbish heaps, past squalid poverty in one and struggling poverty. It was not till he pulled up under the shadow of the trees in Cheyne walk that the sense of a great joy or a great terror began to abate, and he was able to think calmly.

He seated himself on a bench near the river, and waited till his quickened pulses beat in a more tranquil measure.

"I am a fool," he muttered. "Why should he musically agitate me like this. I have seen beautiful women before to-day—women in the zenith of their beauty, not pallid and worn like this woman. The woman who is to be my wife is handsomer, and in a general sense of the word. And yet, because this one is forbidden fruit every nerve is strained, every pulse is racing. I am a fool, and the worst of fools, reasoning in what old Dr. South told me. Is this sparing myself, is this husbanding my resources? To be so moved by such a trivial cause—not to be able to admire a beautiful face without being shaken as if by an earthquake."

He remembered the book upon his writing table, the Pean de Chemise, that story which had an irresistible fascination for him, every page of which he had hung over many a night in his hours of lonely thought. How vain had been Valentine's endeavors to rouse the insensible life in which the oil in the lamp burns slowly. But he hoped to prove himself wiser than Balzac's ill-fated hero. He, too, had planned for himself an existence free from all strong emotions. In his life of millionaire and man of fashion there were to be no agitations. He had marched forward to the altar with Edith as a haven of rest. Married to a woman whom he had loved long enough to take love for granted, a woman whose fidelity had been tested by time, whose constancy he need never doubt, for him life would glide softly onward with measured easy pace to sober middle age, and even to the gray dignity of wealthy and honored age. But he, like Valentine, had been warned against the drama and passion of life. He was to be, not to act or to suffer.

And for a mere transient fancy, the charm of a pensive countenance, the romance of patient poverty, he had let his veins run liquid fire, his heart beat furiously. He was ashamed of his own weakness; and presently seeking a hansom sauntering along under the trees with a horse that looked like a good mover, he hailed the man and asked if his horse was fresh enough to drive as far as Finchley. Naturally the reply was yes, and in the next minute he was being carried swiftly through the summer dust with his face to the north.

He had often meditated this drive to the northern suburb with his own horses, and then it had served to him like a pretext for the house in which Mr. Champion was lengthening out the lees of life would be an error in taste, although he and the dying man had been upon the friendliest terms since Edith's marriage. This afternoon he felt a curious eagerness to see the woman to whom he had bound himself, a feverish anxiety which subjugated all scruples.

He drove to the house Mrs. Champion had hired for herself, a small villa, in a large garden. It was past eight when he rang the bell, and the lawn and flower beds were golden in the sunset. He expected to find Edith Champion at dinner, and had made up his mind to dine with her, *tete-a tete* perhaps, for the first time in their lives.

Dinner was out of the question, for the present at any rate. One of the match footmen whose faces he knew in Hertford street came strolling in a leisurely way across the lawn, a pipe in mouth, to answer the bell, suddenly pocketed his pipe and changed his bearing on recognizing Mr. Hillersdon, and informed him that Mrs. Champion was at Kendal House, and that Mr. Champion was very bad.

"Worse than usual, do you suppose?" asked Gerard.

"I'm afraid so, sir. Mrs. Champion came home at half-past seven, but a messenger came for her while she was dressing for dinner, and she just set off in her cloak, and never even stopped to take her bonnet. I'm afraid it's the end."

"Which is Kendal House?"

"I'll show you, sir."

The footman stalked out into the road with that slow and sole stalk which is taught to footmen, and which is perhaps an element in the trade unionism of domestic service—a studied slowness of movement in all things, and precisance on the footway that may enable do the work of two. Mrs. Champion's footman was a person of highest quality, and was even now oppressed with a sense of resentment at having to perform his duties single-handed at Finchley, while his fellow lacquey was leading a life of luxurious idleness in Hertford street.

He pointed out a carriage entrance in a wall a little further up the road, and on the opposite side of the way, and to this gate Gerard hurried, and entered a highly respectable enclosure, a circular lawn girt with gravel drive, shrubberies hiding the walls, and in front of him a white stucco mansion, with a massive portico, and two wings, suggesting drawing-room and billiard-room.

The first glance at those numerous windows gave him a shock. All the blinds were down. It was over, he thought. Edith Champion was a widow.

Yes, it was over. The sober, elderly man servant who opened the door to him informed him that Mr. Champion had breathed his last at five minutes to eight. Mrs. Champion was just in time to be present at his last moments. The end had been peaceful and painless.

Edith Champion came downstairs, accompanied by the doctor, while the servant was talking, her eyes streaming. She saw Gerard, and went across the hall to him.

"It is all over," she said to him agitatedly. "He knew me at the last—knew me and spoke my name, just as I thought he would. Thank God I was there; I was just too late for that last word. I did not think I could feel it so much, after those long days and weeks of anticipation."

"Let me take you over to your own house," Gerard said, gently.

She was in her dinner-dress of black gauze and silk, with a black summer cloak thrown loosely about her, her white throat rising out of the gauzy blackness like a Parian column, her dark eyes drowned in tears, and tears still welling from her lashes. The woman's nature and womanly in her nature had been shaken by that final parting. If she had sold herself for the last time to a man she had ceased to be an indulgent master, and her slavery had been of the lightest.

The doctor attended her to the threshold, and she went out leaning on Gerard's arm. Even in the midst of her natural regret there was sweetness in the thought that henceforth she belonged to him. He had his privilege and his duty to protect her, to think for her in all things.

"You will telegraph to my husband's solicitor," she said to the doctor, hurriedly, as she dried her tears. "He will be the proper person to arrange everything with you, I suppose. I shall not leave the Laurels till after—"

"I understand," interrupted the doctor, saving her the pain of that final word. "All shall be arranged without troubling you more than is absolutely necessary."

"Good night," she said, offering her hand. "I shall not forget how kind and thoughtful you always were. He could not have been better cared for."

Gerard led her out of the formal enclosure, where the conifers and evergreens were darkening under the shadows of night. The gate was open at the Laurels, and the stately footman was on the watch for her, his powdered head bared to the evening breeze. Within there were lights and the bright brightness of flowers, dinner ready to be served.

"You will take something, I hope?" said Gerard, when the butler announced dinner.

They had gone into the drawing-room, and she was sitting with her face hidden in her hands.

"No, no, I could not eat anything," and then to the butler, "Mr. Hillersdon will dine. You can serve dinner for him, and tell George to bring me some tea here."

"Then let me have a cup of tea with you," said Gerard. "I am no more in the mood for dining than you are."

This gratified her, even in the midst of her sorrows. Women have an exaggerated idea of the value which men set upon dinner, and no sacrifice propitiates them so surely as the surrender of that meal.

Edith Champion did not argue the point. She only gave a little sigh, and dried her tears, and became more composed.

"I think I did my duty to him," she said presently.

"Most thoroughly. You made him happy, which is more than many a wife can say about a husband she has adored," answered Gerard.

The footman laid the tea in the tea table, and lighted the candles on the mantel-piece and piano, and drew the curtains, with an air of wishing to dispel any funereal gloom which the shadow of death might have cast upon the house and spread over the room. He and the other servants had been talking about the funeral, and their mourning already, speculating as to whether Mr. Champion had left legacies to such of his servants as had been with him, "a year." Consider George, footman, who had been in the service little more than a month.

Mrs. Champion made a little motion of her hand towards the teapot, and George poured out the tea. She felt that the etiquette of grief would not allow her to perform that accustomed office. She sat still, and allowed herself to be waited upon, and sipped and sighed, while Gerard also sipped in pensive silence.

He was thinking that this was the second time within a very few hours that he was taking tea with Edith Champion, and yet what a gap those few hours had cloven across his life. The woman he had loved so long, and to whom he had irrevocably pledged himself, was free from her bondage. There could be no longer doubt or hesitation in their relations. A certain interval must be conceded to the prejudices of society, and then, at the end of that ceremonial widowhood this woman, whom he had loved so long, would lay aside her weeds, and put on her wedding gown, ready to stand beside him at the altar. For months he had known that Mr. Champion's end was imminent, and yet to-night it seemed to him as if he had never expected the man to die.

The place was growing oppressive before either the lady or her guest found speech. The footman had retired, leaving the tea table in front of his mistress, and they were alone again.

"You will not remain in this house after the funeral, of course," said Gerard, having cast about for something to say.

"No, I shall leave England immediately. I have been thinking of my plans while you and I have been sitting here. I hate myself for my egotism; but I could not go on thinking of him. It would do no good. I shall not easily forget him, poor fellow. His face and his voice will be in my thoughts for a long time to come—but I could not help thinking of myself too. It seems so strange to be free—to be able to go just where I like—to be free from the tyranny of a routine. I shall go to Switzerland as soon as I can get ready. I shall take Rosa Gresham with me. She is always enchanted to turn her back upon that adorable Finchley."

"But why should you go away?"

"It will be best. If I were to stay in England you and I would be meeting, and nowadays that is gone people would rake up the past, and say ill-natured things about us. It will be best for us that we should see very little of each other till the year of my widowhood is over; a long time, Gerard, almost long enough for you to forget me."

"Forget! Do you think that such forgetfulness must needs be impossible.

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"What if I refuse to submit to such a separation, even to propitiate Mrs. Grundy? We have treated that worthy personage in a very off-hand manner hitherto. Why should we begin to care about her?"

"Because everything is different now he is gone. While my husband approved of my life nobody could presume to take objection to anything I might do, but I stand alone now and must take care of my good name—your future wife's good name, Gerard!"

"How sweetly you put the question. But my dear Edith, must we really be parted so long? Could people talk about us if you and I were living in the same town, seeing each other every day?"

"You don't know how ill natured people can be. Indeed, Gerard, it will be better for both our sakes."

"Not for my sake," he said earnestly.

He had gone to Finchley that evening upon a sudden impulse, as if he had been flying from an unimagined peril. He had felt, vaguely, as if his first love were slipping away from him, as if an effort were needed to strengthen the old bonds; and now the woman who should have helped him to be true was about to forsake him—to sacrifice inclination and happiness to the babbling crowd.

"What can it matter how people talk of us!" he cried impetuously. "We have to think of ourselves, and our own happiness. Remember how short life is, and what little we have of husband our brief span of years. Why waste a year, or half a year, upon conventionalities? Let me go with you wherever you go. Let us be married next week."

"No, no, no, Gerard. God knows, I love you, only too dearly, but I will not be guilty of deliberate disrespect to him who was gone. He was always good to me—kind and indulgent to a fault. I should have been a better wife, perhaps, if he had been a tyrant. I will not insult him in his grave. I year hence; a year from this day I shall belong to you!"

"And Mrs. Grundy will have time to find with you. Content to dwell in decencies for ever," quoted Gerard, with a touch of scorn. "Well, you must have your own way. I have pleaded, and you have answered, 'No.' Good night. I suppose I shall be allowed to bid you good bye at the railway station before you leave England."

"Of course. Rosa shall write to you about our plans directly they are settled. You will be at the funeral, Gerard, will you not?"

"Naturally. Once more good night."

They clasped hands, she tearful still, ready to break down again at any moment, and so he left her.

The hansom had waited for him, the horse's head in a nosebag, the driver asleep on his perch.

"Only a year, and you are mine as I am yours," mused Gerard, as he was driven westward. "But a year sometimes makes a wide gap in a life. What will it do in mine?"

(To be Continued.)

Competition.

In order to ascertain the views of chemists throughout Great Britain as to which of the remedies for outward application had the largest sale and greatest popularity, *The Chemist and Druggist* instituted a post card competition, which dealer to name on a post card the preparation which had the largest sale and was the most popular with customers, and the publishers received 635 of these cards, with the following results:

St. Jacobs Oil	384
Elliman's Embrocation	172
Holloway's Ointment	55
Allcock's Plasters	19
Bow's Liniment	7
Pain Killer	4
Vaseline	2
Cuticura	8
Scattering	
Total	635

Rough on the Old Man.

Aime Millet, the French sculptor, who died a few weeks ago, was an *habitue* of the Divan Lepelletier, a Bohemian club in Paris frequented by artists, authors, and newspaper men. His best friend in the club was Paul Duplessis, the novelist, who long edited the feuilleton in the *Patrie*. The two men had a standing engagement to meet at the club every evening shortly before dinner. One evening when Duplessis was late, Millet strode impatiently up and down the reception room, striking his hands before and behind him, and eagerly eyeing his watch every five minutes. Finally Duplessis arrived, forty-five minutes late. Millet sprang to him and caught him by both shoulders.

"What's the matter?" ejaculated the novelist.

"A question," answered Millet. "My father reads your serial novel in the *Patrie* with tremendous care and interest. Yesterday you left the countess in a most critical position. She had fallen into an ambush of those who were intent on getting her out of the way. Must she really die?"

"Yes," answered Duplessis," she must die. She will be killed with a dagger thrust by the Corsican Assisant."

Millet dropped into a chair, struck his fist on the table and exclaimed:

"I have no luck—no luck at all."

"But what has that to do with my countess?" asked the novelist.

"Everything. My father bet with me that the countess would die. I took his bet, because I thought you would be obliged to rescue her from her perilous position so as to use her in the rest of the story."

"How much did you bet?"

"Ten louis d'or."

"The devil you did! That's too much."

"Yes, yes, too much, and I with all my debts," wailed Millet. "Can't you help me?"

Duplessis reflected a minute, looked at his watch, and said:

"It is nine o'clock. The page on which my story appears will go to press in half an hour. If we hurry we may reach the office in time to save the countess."

In an instant Millet was in the street shouting for a cab and Duplessis was close behind him. Both men were hatless. The cab came, they jumped in, and drove off like mad to the office of the *Patrie*. They arrived there at the last minute. The section of the novel prepared for the next day was hastily withdrawn and a harmless African story was shoved into its place. Duplessis worked all night saving the countess, and appeared on the following afternoon at the *Patrie* office with a revised edition of the next chapters of his novel. The countess had been saved and with her Millet's ten louis d'or.

A London paper says: "Laughter is frequent enough in the House of Commons; but never did the assemblage of a nation's wisdom laugh more loudly or heartily than it did on that memorable evening last week, when the Hon. Member for Bosworth calmly sat down in the glass of water which he placed on his seat, in case his flow of eloquence might unexpectedly dry up. Even the sedate Speaker joined in the merriment, while the energy, earnestness with which the unfortunate man proceeded, with the aid of borrowed handkerchiefs, to mop up the fluid from that portion of his attire which he could feel, but which he vainly strove to see, would have been worthy the pencil of Leech.

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Clever Aunt Kate.

"It ain't no use in a-goin' agin your pa, Jennie,—he's had his own way 'round here continual, for more'n thirty years, an' you'll jest hev to give in, no use talkin' at him. 'T only makes him wuss."

Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband, and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was diffrently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years—this pretty, brown-haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her. A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm, with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request. It was better—far better for her, for even after her going, there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country was one glad smile, so Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Yer sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an you'll hev to, too; ef you don't there be awful fusses, so you'd jest better give in."

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in no decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern 'em well, an' they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth; but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so, after her husband had left the kitchen, she pleaded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs, though father should threaten to murder me."

The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake-baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing, as she began softly: "There is some one in Poole I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here to—"

"He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott, grimly, as he stepped quietly into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer, and his wind-reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard-lined mouth. Seating himself on one of the painted wooden chairs, he drew the boot-jack towards him and took off his heavy shoes, with a calmness and deliberation which warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor little nervous, broken-spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his foot-gear, always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Olcott set his cow-hide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table and, turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin' to see you. Ef they do, I'll talk to em; not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she essayed to speak. "I'm master in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' hinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't hev any city fellers a follerin' you; an' ef I ketch yer aunt Kate makin' matches fur you, I'll jest fetch you home from bein' a fine lady down there an' set you workin'." Before Jennie could speak he had gone into the dining-room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes, and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her, the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain-drawn lips, murmuring, "never mind mother dear, I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott, with a sigh of relief, "try and git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sal e of quiet. Yer pa's getin' wus and wus."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman: "My Dear Niece,—Your father needs managing; and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens."

Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whom, Jennie had confessed to her mother, she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not ungussed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding, however, he had opened his heart and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people. After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if the girl could only be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met, she trusted to his unequalled obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said that lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed drawing-room the night of his arrival.

"Yes, and I'm willin'. She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard-lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, and—"

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a sneer.

"There is a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement.

The old man was interested. "Rich?" he asked, twirling his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on.

"Of course it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him, and—

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures, "ef I like that young man, I'll jest take him out home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go, ef I'm livin'."

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home, Mr. Bryan accompanied the girl and received the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's coming, and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme and gave his consent to an early marriage with hesitation.

He often speaks now of his match-making. "There's Jennie," he will say. "She'd hev picked up with some empty-noddled city chap ef I hadn't jest took her in hand. I brung Bryan out an' told her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make 'em mind, an' they'll git along."

They would not deceive him for anything—the happy young couple; but when he boasts they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate.—*Frances Burton Clare in Drake's Magazine.*

Rushing Business.

Yesterday a stoutly built young man was passing the second-hand clothing shops in Park row above Baxter street says the New York *Sun* when an equally stout young Hebrew rushed out, and locking arms with the citizen, tried to drag him into the nearest second hand shop. The pedestrian flung the clothier's clerk aside and passed on. The short combat excited great interest in the neighborhood. "That was nothing," said a storekeeper of the neighborhood. "Those clothing men often literally pull a countryman right into their stores—or tear the coats off them and sell them a new one. You should be here on a Sunday morning or a holiday. I have seen two cl. rks take a country man by the two arms and life him right up and carry him in. Such victims are afraid not to buy; they spend a few dollars merely to get away."

Lady Labor.

The Woman About Town of the New York *Evening Sun* says: Last week at the Women's Council Miss Willard composed another of her fine aphoristic phrases. This one was about the duty of Woman—they never spell it any other way on such occasions as these—in lifting herself out of mere sexhood into womanhood. This, like most of Miss Willard's fine phrases, looks crammed full of meaning on the outside, but it is really as light as an empty portmanteau. The Woman would not have felt her own failure to decipher Miss Willard's meaning as specially significant, because she has never presumed to understand what Miss Willard is driving at, any better time. So as being still in mere sexhood she read this phrase humbly and thankfully, and was reminded of that an admiring small boy once said of a certain bombastic clergyman, that he spoke "such great big thoughtful thoughts you had to be a awfully clever to understand them." But since then she has heard of several men who, like herself, have been vaguely groping to find out what this lofty sentiment may contain, and they, too, stand dumb and patient before the oracle. And so the edge of The Woman's humility became touched with actual reverence. To think of a woman who could say things that even men couldn't understand! But yesterday there came peering over the wall of The Woman's dense ignorance the face of a small and modest idea—just a wee ghost of an idea as to what this idea of getting women out of sexhood into womanhood may mean. This came by way of a newspaper paragraph which proclaimed the purpose of the "lady managers" of the World's Fair to make the Isabella building, which is the name by which the building for the woman's exhibit is known—a materialization of the woman idea. It declared that the architecture of the building must be distinctively feminine. Artistically and in every detail—so the paragraph explains—it is to be a woman's building. Here, perhaps, we have an indication of the state of things when women get out of mere sexhood into womanhood. Her womanhood is going to imprint itself on everything. There are to be an architecture and an art that are distinctively woman's. Work is to be no longer a neuter noun, but there is to be work masculine and work feminine. And so with science we shall have a distinct department that these "lady managers" would probably designate as "lady science." And lady politics—this the organization of which Miss Willard is the lady head and front developed some years ago. And lady economics, this the lady managers of the World's Fair already have in preparation. For they gravely propose to impart lady hod carriers from Austria and Germany to do the work because labor of this class is worth only twenty cents a day in these older countries!

This will also afford Americans a complete and edifying spectacle of lady labor.

What Is Waiting For Us.

Time was when ladies desired nothing better than to be rid of the name which they had inherited. But all things are superseded by now; and the *Queen*—which ought to know—tells us that "the custom of women taking their husband's name is undergoing considerable modifications." Miss Arabella Stuart, when she marries Mr. Tulkinghorne, becomes Mrs. Stuart-Tulkinghorne; when Mr. Malaprop leads Miss Partington to the alter, she becomes Mrs. Partington-Malaprop. It is very pretty and very independent; but the *Queen* is puzzled about the daughters. What will happen to their names when the custom becomes common—if ever it does become common. Miss Partington-Malaprop, married to young Mr. Stuart-Tulkinghorne, would be Mrs. Partington-Malaprop-Stuart-Tulkinghorne, which would be worse than the Brydges-Chandos-Temple-Nugent-Grenville of the late Duke of Buckingham. But there need be no such difficulty. In Belgium, where every married man takes his wife's name after his own, the children are known (as he himself is) by the paternal name only. There is something to be said for the custom from the genealogist's point of view; but the modern woman does not care about genealogy. She wants to assert herself.

A Cheerful Beggar.

A lady, deeply interested in charitable work, had occasion to approach "Old Hutch," the other afternoon (writes Eugene Field in the *Chicago News*), and, as usually happens, she found him exceptionally bright and exuberant that the crafty millionaire gave up a crisp twenty-dollar bill almost before he was aware of it. And then, as she was easily suppose, he began to regret it. On her part, the fair solicitor was considerably surprised; she had heard that he was a hard, unfeeling man, yet had he not responded promptly and generously to her appeal? She was so grateful that she insisted on snaking hands with the old man, and as she did so, she spoke to him earnestly: "We do not always get our reward here, Mr. Hutchinson, but we should remember that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Yes, I've often heard tell," answered Mr. Hutchinson, dryly, "but I'm more interested in findin' out the Lord's opinion uv a cheerful beggar."

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Stimulate the Liver

and quicken the appetite. Ayer's Pills promptly relieve Headache, and are the best cathartic I know of.—George O. Williams, West Meriden, Conn.

During the spring of 1877 a disagreeable taste in my mouth entirely destroyed my appetite. My tongue was thickly coated, and what little food I ate distressed me. Believing my trouble to originate in a disordered liver, I commenced taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I felt an improvement after the operation of the first dose. I continued their use in diminished quantities, for a short time, and am satisfied that these Pills have completely cured me.—Sophie Harmon, Biddeford, Me.

For a number of years I was troubled with Biliousness, which almost destroyed my health. This ailment commenced in Costiveness. Indigestion, Headache, and Dizziness soon followed. I became weak, emaciated, and totally unfitted for work of any kind. I tried various remedies, but nothing afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills. They cured me, speedily, and I now believe them to be the most reliable cathartic in use.—G. S. Wunderlich, Scranton, Pa.

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"Are you the man that gave me an egg shampoo?"—*Scribner's Magazine.*

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Music.

The Lenten service of song at the Church of the Redeemer on Monday evening brought out a large number of people in spite of the horrible weather, and was one of the best ever held in the church. The Mozart Quartette assisted, and in addition to several well rendered quartettes, solos were sung by its members. Mrs. Shilton gave a most artistic rendering of the solos in Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer, which she sang with great feeling and devotional effect. Frau Dunbar-Moraweta was equally successful with the solo in Pflueger's How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me, in which her noble contralto voice showed to excellent advantage. Mr. Jarvis' solo, My God Look Upon Me, was appropriate to the season, and was a fine performance. The singing of the Quartette evoked much praise, but it needs a little more attention to balancing the weight of tone and to the observance of accentuation to point it on the road to perfection. Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' church, played a movement from a Handel's Concerto, a Meditation by Guilmant, and Meyerbeer's Coronation March, very effectively.

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Tuesday was a royal night for concerts, no less than three occupying attention on that evening. At the Pavilion the Foresters held high revel with an excellent programme and an exceedingly able group of artists. The annual concerts of this body are always well attended and are essentially popular events, the programmes generally being devoid of that classicality which would not be received with favor by these gatherings. On this occasion everything on the programme, if my memory serves me correctly, was encored, and the utmost enthusiasm and desire to get a dollar's worth for fifty cents prevailed. The first to demand attention is, of course, Miss Hortense Pierse, in whom personal beauty and vocal ability make a rare and most welcome combination. Miss Pierse looked her best and sang most excellently, her voice being in fine form, and her songs being well suited to her. Her rendering of Saint Saens' aria, My Heart, at Thy Sweet Voice, showed her to possess a rich soprano voice of great volume and compass, flexible and well trained and of great sweetness and tenderness.

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The tenor of the occasion, Mr. W. H. Rieger of New York, was a distinct success. A very sweet voice of considerable strength, with a most artistic delivery, made him a desirable adjunct to the programme. Miss Maud Fuller sang her numbers very satisfactorily. Miss Alexa Ramsay, who has been pursuing her studies in New York, made a most successful impression, although one of her selections, the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet, does not lend itself very readily to inclusion in a miscellaneous concert programme. Miss Ramsay is a tall young lady with a very mobile countenance and a graceful figure, and more than succeeded in retaining the interest of her audience throughout her fine reading of the Shakespeare number. She was very successful in her reading of Scribe's clever, The Ladies' Battle. Mr. W. Edgar Buck made his first appearance as a vocalist, and was well received. He has a good, resonant bass voice and uses it with judgment and skill. The instrumentalists were Miss Hattie Mockridge and Mr. B. L. Faeder, who gave excellent account of themselves.

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The same evening brought an excellent concert at Association Hall by the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt. As might be expected, Mr. Vogt had arranged a programme of more than usual excellence, which was fully appreciated by the large audience. Mr. Vogt's organ solos were splendidly played, and the vocal efforts of Miss Hattie Morell, Miss Miller, Miss Alice McGill, Mr. E. Lye and Mr. Lugsdin, were cleverly rendered. Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser gave several readings with great success.

Tuesday evening also brought a large gathering at the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. Mr. B. L. Faeder had charge of the programme and discharged his duties very effectively.

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Quite a large audience turned out on Saturday afternoon last to hear the pupils of the Conservatory of Music in an organ and vocal recital in Association Hall. The programme embraced a number of very interesting selections, all of which were rendered in an excellent manner and gave abundant satisfaction to those present. The following are the names of the pupils who took part, viz.: Mr. P. C. Kennedy, Miss Lizzie L. Schooley, Miss Florence Brown, and Miss Dallas, A. T. C. M., pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher; Mr. Arthur Sweatman and Mr. Walter Coles., pupils of Miss Dallas, A. T. C. M.; Miss Ethel Morris and Miss Hattie Kelly, pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison; and Miss Frances Morris, Miss Clara Code and Miss Charlotte A. Chaplin, pupils of Signor F. D'Auria. One of the vocal numbers was enhanced by the addition, a violin obligato, played by Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, A.T.C.M. This afternoon one of the usual matinee concerts takes place at three o'clock in the Y. M. C. A. Lecture Room.

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The coming week brings us beautiful Agnes Huntington and Paul Jones, which will be a great treat. The Harmony Club's dates are settled for April 20, 21, and 22. The Toronto Vocal Society has announced its second concert for April 21.

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Santley will be here on April 6 and 7, with the Philharmonic Society. His fame is world-wide, and he is to the baritone world, what Sims Reeves is to the tenor side.

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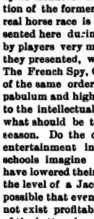
Hamilton is going in for opera too. Pinafore will probably be produced there under the direction of Mr. J. W. Baumann.

METRONOME.

The Drama.



EVERYONE is complaining of the dullness of the theatrical season. I do not know that it is altogether unprecedented, but it is a fact that for two months past Toronto has been favored with nothing that can be designated high class drama. The nearest approach to it which we have had in that period was The County Fair, and Emmet's Uncle Joe, plays by no means of the best class, the chief attraction of the former being a machine whereby a real horse race is simulated. Other plays presented here during the same time, and acted by players very much on par with the plays they presented, were the Bottom of the Sea, The French Spy, Good Old Times, and others of the same order. This is the kind of mental pabulum and high class amusement furnished to the intellectual citizens of Toronto during what should be the height of the theatrical season. Do the other purveyors of dramatic entertainment in this city of colleges and schools imagine that the whole population have lowered their standard of amusement to the level of a Jacobs & Sparrow show? It is possible that even one theater in Toronto cannot exist profitably by furnishing attractions of the better class to the more cultured part of our population? If so, then why this procession *ad nauseam* of variety shows, horse shows and still more lamentable donkey shows? It is not only surprising that such should be the case, but it is disgraceful. In cities across the border, no larger or more enterprising, have been playing recently some of the best traveling companies in America, while the best theater town in Canada has been trying to wax enthusiastic over side shows, few of which are little above the ten cent route. This is felt all the more because it has not always been thus. In former years the manager of the Grand Opera House has provided a round of excellent theatrical attractions, not excelled by any provincial theater, even in the United States. To his credit must also be placed the few reputable dramas given here this season; but why the falling off? The Academy of Music when under the sole management of Mr. Greene last season, was visited by a large number of good companies, which played under the disadvantage of a poorly-constructed auditorium. This latter has been to a certain degree remedied. But since the Academy has become one of the Whitney circuit, it is making a bold bid to rival the Jacob circuit house in catering to an inferior taste, with second and third rate attractions. It begins to look as if the citizens of Toronto, who are possessed of somewhat discriminating tastes and like to see a good drama well played, must seek to indulge their pleasure elsewhere.

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It sometimes happens that very excellent dramatic performances are not well patronized in Toronto. Various reasons present themselves to account for this. One of the most cogent of these is undoubtedly the treatment of the "passing show" by the daily press. There is very little or anything approaching genuine dramatic criticism found in the daily papers of Toronto excepting when something new, or something very excellent is on the boards. On these occasions the papers put on their high judicial wigs, spectacles and gowns, raise their standard away up and subject drama, acting and everything to a pretty severe scruting. On the other hand when the play is neither new nor the acting very excellent the judge becomes an advocate. A laudatory notice is written in general terms, often without the play being seen. This is usually the result of some advertising patronage, or of misplaced kindness toward the local manager. The result of it is, however, that the outside public often finds the inferior play and the second rate company bolstered up with well-turned commendatory phrases, while the good play and superior company, by being subjected to a more rigid test, are often found fault with in this, that and the other particular. Unless a theatre manager maintains a certain degree of excellence in the plays he presents—and that is practically impossible in a provincial town, unless the status cannot be lowered—this shifting of the critical standards of the papers cannot but affect his business injuriously. For the public, whatever may be said to the contrary, even in Toronto, relies very much on the press reports in selecting the plays they patronize. If they find a first-rate attraction severely overhauled, not knowing the *status* of the play, the author, or the company, what can be more natural than that they neglect to patronize it. If some of the daily papers judged the best companies that play in Toronto by the same criterion from which they criticise the average melodramatic company their vocabulary of eulogistic adjectives and phrases would be found a scant and meagre thing. If they told the exact truth more often, the theater managers, the public and the papers themselves would be all the better for it.

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Rich & Harris' Boston Howard Athenæum Specialty Company has been the attraction at the Grand Opera House all this week. This is certainly one of the most select vaudeville companies that has visited Toronto this season. The performers are all above the average standard, and some have probably never been excelled in their particular lines. The performance of the Boissett Brothers on the horizontal bar is marvellous, and the balancing and muscular feats of Cinquevalli are equally astonishing. The rest of the company in singing and other specialties combine to furnish a very entertaining performance.

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The Academy of Music has a lively and interesting attraction this week. That is Little Puck, with Mr. Frank Daniels, and Bessie Sanson in the leading parts. This farce has been adapted from Anstey's story, Vice Versa, by A. C. Gunther, the author of Mr. Barnes of New York, and other popular novels. With this very satisfactory basis it has been built up into a farce of a very amusing kind—something in the same line as The Bunch of Keys. There is no account taken of probability, or even possibility, but everything is taken advantage of that can add to the mirth-provoking qualities of the piece. For those who are fond of the farcical, Little Puck is just what they need. The company contains a number of excellent people. Mr. Frank Daniels is an unctuous comedian, well adapted for this class of work, and he is ably assisted by Miss Bessie Sanson, whose name has long been known in connection with good vaudeville and farcical work. The singing, dancing and costuming are very good.

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One of the most brilliant events in opera is promised next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the Grand Opera House in the appearance of Miss Agnes Huntington and her English opera comique company in Paul Jones. The career of this artist is well known to the people of this city. Paul Jones is declared an acceptable work on its own account, and with no special consideration for the talented young artist who has achieved such a hit in the character of the hero. The original company, chorus and dancers have been brought over from London, and the scenery is pronounced equal to any ever seen in comic opera. The principal comedy parts are played by Messrs. James and Mostyn, and are said to be laughable throughout, in fact the whole piece abounds in comicalities, beautiful music and artistic acting. This work, the music of which is by Planquette, does not deal with the Paul Jones of school books. He is not the commander of the Bonhomme Richard, but is only an unscrupulous Paul Jones, with a touch of the Frenchman. In the first act he is in love with Yvonne, daughter of a Breton shipchandler; Bicoquet, with a rival, Rufino, nephew of Don Trocadore, Spanish Governor of a spot in Central America. Bicoquet favors Rufine, and Paul Jones volunteers on board an American privateer. In act two, three years later, we find Bicoquet married to Rufino's sister, Malaguena. Yvonne is being forced to marry Rufino, when, in obedience to the laws of comic opera, Paul Jones turns up and challenges Rufino, who, by a stratagem, makes Paul a prisoner and carries him off in irons to the Spanish Main. As Paul Jones' squadron is hammering the coast, Trocadore is delighted to find Paul in his nephew's hands. Of course Paul escapes, is mistaken for Bicoquet, and, aided by Maleguena and the other ladies, succeeds in making his escape and gaining his ship. The Americans attack the Spaniards and all ends in the most approved fashion. There is an underplot involving Paul's boatswain, Bouillabaise and his wife, Chopinette, who is a sad flirt. The King of the Mosquitos and other characters supply a low comedy element. There will be no matinee.

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The DeWolf Hopper Opera Bouffe Company has been filling a series of engagements in the principal western and southern cities with most wonderful results. The size of the audiences attending their entertainments, almost everywhere, has been limited by the capacity of the theaters to accommodate them, which is proof positive that a complete comic opera company is at all times a good investment, and when that opera company is headed by an artist of Mr. Hopper's well known popularity, the investment becomes additionally secure. This organization will form the great attraction at the Grand the latter half of next week. The announced repertoire is as follows: Thursday evening and Saturday matinee, The Lady or the Tiger; Friday and Saturday evenings, Castles in the Air. The production of these charming operas will be identically the same as those used in New York city, as the management bring the entire plant of scenery, costumes, and effects used in their original productions. One of the prominent features of this organization is the mammoth chorus, composed mainly of young and beautiful ladies, said by the New York papers to be the handsomest chorus seen on the Metropolitan stage for many years.

Varsity Chat.

The time for election is at hand, and many are the officers we elect. The class societies, the various athletic organizations, political science, natural science, philosophical, Y. M. C. A. and other associations, are all conducted by efficient officers, and chief among the whole number is the Literary and Scientific Society. Each year hundreds of dollars are spent in conducting the campaign for the Literary Society election. Parties are formed, manifestos are issued, "tickets" are nominated and the contest waxes hot, to be dampened only by an all-night struggle at the polling booth. It seems strange that almost every year, as the hour of election approaches, the parties are unanimous that a crisis is at hand, but after all the society goes on and flourishes to the satisfaction of all concerned when once the ballots have been counted. What would Varsity life be without a grand election each year?

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How the eyes of our poets must have rolled in fiery fancy as they pondered over Prof. Baker's address on The Poetic Interpretation in Mathematics. As he spoke of the "ghosts of departed quantities" the quiet intellectuality of the mathematical men must have been seized with poetic fervor. The address was one of the best ever delivered at the University, and was characterized by marked originality and a lofty appreciation of the æsthetic in nature.

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The ship known as the Knox College Literary and Metaphysical Society will for the year 1891-92 be guided by the following officers: President, J. S. Davidson, B.A.; first vice-president, W. H. Grant, B.A.; second vice-president, W. Black, B.A.; critic, W. G. W. Fortune, B.A.; recording secretary, J. S. Scott, B.A.; corresponding secretary, A. McLean; treasurer, W. Cooper; secretary of committees, D. M. Martin; curator, J. Cranston; councillors, L. McLean, T. P. Tough, and J. H. Barnett.

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The residence men have organized an orchestra, as follows: Mr. G. S. Glassco (leader), violin; Mr. Theo. Coleman, flute; Mr. W. Cowie, piccolo; Messrs. C. S. Cameron and L. A. Moore, banjos; Mr. R. H. Barker, mouth organ; and Mr. D. J. Armour, drum. The boys are anxious to cultivate a true college spirit, and they are meeting with success. The residers always take an active interest in undergraduate affairs. In fact, they form an excellent factor in all that pertains to cultivating loyalty to their *alma mater*.

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The Knox College Missionary Society has undertaken to supply twenty-two mission fields in Ontario and the Western territories of Canada during the coming summer. The new officers of the society are: President, W. Gauld, B.A.; first vice-president, W. H. Johnston, B. A.; second vice-president, H. S. McKitrick, B.A.; recording secretary, W. R. McIntosh; corresponding secretary, J. F. Scott, B.A.; secretary of committees, James Menzies; treasurer, D. M. Martin; councillors, Messrs. McKechnie, McKinnon, Muldrew, Whaley, Borland.

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The "Wyld" scholarship will this year be awarded to the student who writes the best essay on one of the following subjects:

The relation of Shakespeare's plays to the original sources from which he worked.

The ethical and political principles advocated in the works of Thomas Carlyle.

Human life as presented in Cowper, Crabbe, and either Burns or Wordsworth.

A prize may allure a few students to strive to cultivate the art of English composition, but something more than this is needed to raise the standard of composition among the students. It is strange, but true, that the undergraduates have the critical faculty highly developed. They can all point out deficiencies of all kinds in the writings of others. They find, however, that when they come to express with the pen their own thoughts, that their constructive faculty is dormant, and they fail in surprising the world with brilliant ideas couched in felicitous language.

DRAX ALEEN.

How We Flatter Ourselves.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

We are not sure that we have quoted this oft-quoted couplet aright, for we are never certain about anything Scotch—as far as spelling and phraseology are concerned.

But we have the substance of it.

No doubt Burns meant well when he wrote those immortal lines, but he was young, and he had not learned the fact that no person ever wishes to see himself as others see him.

We are all self-flatterers, and our friends—those we call friends—know it, and if they have axes to grind, they help us on in our course of self-estimation.

Privately every individual, however humble, entertains the idea that he is a little superior to his neighbor. It is natural, we suppose.

There is a class of people who are continually decrying themselves, who take delight in telling everybody how bad, and unworthy, and unlovely they are generally, and this is the method they take to obtain the flattery for which their souls long.

For it is the custom of society to laud the man who humbles himself, and when any of our friends get into a fit of self-depreciation, and exclaim with sighs that are almost tears, "Ah, me! I wish I were not so ignorant and so insignificant! Nobody will miss me when I die! No one will do not all will concur heaven to assure the aforesaid insignificant individual that nothing could be further from the truth than his assertion.

And we convey to him the impression that the world could not wag on without him—which was just the assurance he expected, and was fishing for.

We all think that, placed in another man's shoes, we should do better than he does. We are always saying:

"Well, if I had his chance I'd do very differently!"

"If it had been me, I guess it wouldn't have happened!"

"If I were in her place I should do something worth while!"

"Well, that ain't my style!"

We all think we look quite as well as, if not a little better than, somebody else! The old crow, you know, detected her young ones as the whitest crows in the woods!

As we grow old, we do not know it, or rather we do not know it. Our gray hairs are the result of headache. The wrinkles around our eyes and mouth are caused by frequent laughter. We are jolly souls, we are!

When our complexion grow yellow with age, we tell our friends we are bilious; and our family physician, who has an eye to a fat fee, agrees with us; and we take pills and bitters, and nostrums of every description, and, like the Irishman's horse, "get no better very fast."

When we find that our shoes must be wider, we say it is because a bunion troubles us—we do not acknowledge that it is old age which makes our feet tender.

We put far off the evil day.

No one likes to be called old. No one likes to be reminded of the fact that others think he is growing infirm.

Yesterday we were talking with a man of almost four-score years. We spoke of an aged man, in the vicinity, who had recently passed away. We spoke of him as old.

"Why, no!" said our venerable friend, "he was not so very old! Certainly not! Why, he was not more than a year older than I am!"

We always flatter ourselves that we are of a little more consequence in the world than our neighbors.

"Why," said a lady to us the other day, who was showing symptoms of illness just as the church of which she is a member was getting up a fair; "why, I can't be sick! What can they do without my help?"

And so we go along, we think of death, perhaps, all of us. Other people die and leave no void behind them. In a month they are forgotten. In a year their wives and husbands re-marry, and the dead are in oblivion.

We do not think of ourselves in that way. We do not believe our husbands will be looking for other wives before the sods above our graves have grown green many, many times in the sweet May sunshine.

We think we shall leave a wide void behind us. We believe that friends will find their lives saddened for all time by our removal, but if we could step back into the world ten years—yes, two years after our decease—we would find—we should find few faces sad on our account; we doubt if we found many glad to give us welcome!

But self-flattery is pleasant, and it makes us happy, and it is comparatively innocent, and it is so cheap that anybody can have it.

And we are not like the dead—and gone Scotchman—we don't want "to see ourselves as others see us."

Not at present.—*Kate Thorn in N. Y. Weekly.*

The Lonely Caves.

For Saturday Night.

WO great black arches in the limestone wall
Look over breast of Namawaquadonk,
Where wild geese fly with lonesome honk, honk, honk,
Through autumn afternoons. The long years fall
With doomful change of seasons past recall,
Suns come and go, waste winters wane to spring,
These mighty crags reclothe, bird voices sing,
High in the rock-based birches. Over all

The calm blue skies rest round the changeful years,
The hay, now maddened, now with plaintive moan,
Makes its long grief to shores that stretch alone.
But still at gaze, two eyes that shed no tears
From orbless sockets, stare for evermore:
The mindless past on billow and lonesome shore.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

The Moonlight Sonata.

For Saturday Night.

I tried to analyze one day
A theme by old Beethoven,
And found, to my extreme dismay,
Wild discords in it were.

But wading through the dismal sea,
I gather'd from its breakers
Some silv'ry chords, whose harmony
Seem'd joy's divine creators.

Bright beads of light they were, and I
Observ'd their beauties flashing
Through all the wild profundity,
Of billows o'er them dashing.

And so I stole those surf-wash'd gems
To form melodious measure,
And shame those ocean-bred diadems
Of old Beethoven's treasures.

In sullen majesty, methought,
I heard the waters rolling,
As if for wrong my hand had wrought
Themselves they were consoling.

Then weeks and months I labor'd hard
To string those pearls together,
But should, I know, have been debarr'd
If I had tried forever.

For when, at last, I had to fling
Those pearls into the water,
I found I had been pilfering
Moonlight from a sonata!

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

A Lament.

For Saturday Night.

It was in the mild month of September,
That down by the dim lake we stroll'd,
When the sun burn'd above like an ember,
And the maples were crimson and gold,
And the darts were purple and gold.
Ah, clearly I still can remember
How you sought your young heart to unfold,
'Neath the leaves of that lonely September
In the tale of deep love that you told.

But now by the dim lake there lieth
No garland of leaves on the shore,
No zephyr her symphony sigheth,
But the wind sweeps with pitiless roar,
And the wave sweeps with pondrous roar;
While the maple, uncon forted, crieth
And writeqith her hands on the shore,
For her roots wrap the ground where he lieth
With the tale he may tell never more—
With the love that nor liveth nor dieth
Till he rise from that wild wintry shore.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Undeceived.

For Saturday Night.

There was a young dude who thought
That he certainly knew a laught,
Till somebody said
That all in his hald
Was the veriest kind of raught.

ALEX B.

Lines Written in A Young Lady's Album.

Sweet, sweet, are the flow'rs of earth
And bright are the stars of even,
And bright is the hour of the rainbow's birth,
As it spans the arch of heaven,

And the soul will thrill as with kindling eyes,
We on their glories gaze—
Upon the flowerets fairy dyes
And on the starry blaze.

But oh, there's a deeper feeling far,
That doth the spirit warm,
When the bloom of the flow'r and beam of the star
Are seen in woman's form.

—*W. A. Stephens' Poetical Works.*

The Old Rag Carpet.

'Twas an object of pride as it lay on the floor
In our old cottage home in the grove;
'Twas fashioned of odd scraps—ten thousand or more—
And the work was a labor of love.
Every scrap told a story of joy or of woe,
Touching somebody living or dead;
And the lights and shadows of life seemed to glow
In its tints when the carpet was spread.

Dear faces looked up from the warp and the woof,
As my grandmother dozed in her chair,
And the sweet smiles that mantled their features gave proof
That 'twas Heaven to welcome her there.
In that strip of red woolen sweet Elise was seen,
With dark eyes so winsome and bright,
While Angeline smiled from that strip of dark green,
And Maude from that fragment of white.

Poor Ellen had fallen—her character stained—
The dupe of a perjurer's vow;
And that little memento the carpet contained
Was all that was left of her now.
And Angie had married and gone to abide
Far away in the land of the West,
And sweet Maude, the youngest, had sickened and died,
And was now in the churchyard at rest.

And there is a strip from her sailor boy's coat—
Her William, light-hearted and free—
Who shipped for a voyage to a region remote,
And now sleeps in the depths of the sea.
One after another the loved ones come back,
Till a face on each fragment appears,
While memory eagerly follows the track,
And the sleeper is melted to tears.

She mutters each name in a tone of delight,
And hard comes her laboring breath;
And she gazes on Maude in her garment of white
With a love that is stronger than death.
A torrent of wild joy deluges her heart
As she calls on her loved ones to stay,
But in her great struggle she wakes with a start,
And the sweet vision passes away.

—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Everlasting Summer---No. 9.---Concluded.

On the first page this week there is an excellent picture of the cathedral in Mexico, an edifice renowned the world over for its size and costliness—and in some respects for its beauty. The City of Mexico is the Paris of the republic. It is not only the political capital, but it is the heart, the controlling spirit, the liberty of the nation. It has a population of about three hundred and sixty thousand, about twenty daily newspapers published in Spanish and one in English; it has weeklies without number, the chief of them, the leading paper of Mexico, is the *Financier*, a business organ in which the articles are published side by side in Spanish and English. Its editor, Mr. Frederic R. Guernsey, is a gentleman whom visitors to Mexico, who have business enterprises in hand, should know. Speaking of business ventures in the far south, I think there is no country on earth to-day where money can be made so fast as in Mexico. While reaction has set in in the South American republics, prosperity is at its flood tide in Mexico. Their debt is no greater than ours, and the subsidy the government has granted to railroads has both in the extent of the mileage and the largeness of the amount, exceeded anything which statistics show elsewhere. It is not generally known here, it is not known there, that north and south of the United States two nations are struggling for a place, and amidst many difficulties are affording to-day better opportunities for home making and fortune making than Yankeedom ever did. Oddly enough, the Mexicans are very anxious to obtain a reciprocity treaty with Canada. Knowing how little information they have with regard to our country, I made inquiries, and accompanied by the Q. C. visited many of the jobbing houses and retail stores to obtain, as far as possible, a good idea of what trade could possibly be established between the two countries. In the first place, I found it was not because they loved Canada in any special way, or indeed had made any unusual efforts to obtain information as to her resources, but that they despise the United States and would do anything in their power to avoid trading with that country. Mexico has no reason to love the republic to the north of her. The line fence between them has been crowded down to the Rio Grande after the most unjustifiable causes of conflict made it possible for Uncle Sam to declare war on Mexico. Of course indefensible excesses are recorded in history against the Mexicans during those wars, and the cry of "Remember the Alamo." will be always green in the memory of Texas. Notwithstanding this the United States has been the aggressor on every occasion, though in justice it must be said that she was the benefactor at the time that Maximilian's rule was put an end to, for it ended forever the domination of the clergy. Now, it must be confessed, Mexico is little better than a military despotism, but even that is a vast improvement on a clerical despotism under which the country made no progress. The present government could not be more progressive as far as the development of the country and its resources is concerned. The Liberal party supporting the government is largely in the minority, but they have the army at their back and all the enlightened natives as well as the foreign population. The capital which has come from across the ocean and the United States, and Canada by the way—for there are many Canadians there, some of them engaged in mining operations which are backed entirely by capital from this country—know that if a clerical absolutism were re-established, the fanatics would permit nothing to prosper except the propaganda of the church. Senor Ygnacio Mariscal, Secretario de Relaciones, which is the portfolio appertaining to foreign affairs, speaks English perfectly and is an exceedingly polished gentleman. He was at Washington for many years and thoroughly understands and suspects Yankee diplomacy. Throughout it is a strong cabinet because of its liberal spirit, and affords every opportunity to foreign enterprise. I am convinced that Canada would have nothing to do but to send commissioners to obtain a much more favorable treaty than the United States ever enjoyed.

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Nothing is so pleasing to a Canadian or an Englishman as to observe the respect in which Great Britain is held in Mexico. There are four foreign factions, German, French, English and Yankee. Of these the French are perhaps numerically strongest, the Germans have widespread commercial relations, the English have invested the capital, and I know for a fact that many Americans in order to protect themselves, have asserted that they are Englishmen. The "old flag" may be derided by thoughtless people at home, but they would never sneer at it again if they saw how it is respected in the once turbulent republic of which President Diaz has made so much. As all those who have read my work on the front page will know, I am an Imperial Federationist, and since my travels in the West Indies last winter and in Mexico this winter, I am convinced that if a league were established between the British colonies, the United Kingdom and those nations which are willing to join with us, that a great many of the Latin-American republics would be glad to side-track the United States and join with us. The world is re-creating itself, and commercially the United States is disliked wherever it is known, for Uncle Jonathan has been an unscrupulous trader and is too eager for profit to be just. The incident in Central America when General Barrundia was murdered under the stars and stripes, is but an illustration of how little protection Americans receive abroad. A Britisher who has established his identity is thoroughly safe in Mexico, for whenever he has been improperly arrested reprisal and apology have both been promptly made. I am not speaking of now especially, but of fifteen years ago when I did business there, and declared myself at once in order to receive protection, this too when I was acting for American firms, and was, I suspect, chosen because my nationality would be respected.

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There is a vast area of public land unoccupied, much of it adapted for coffee and sugar plantations. The price ranges from thirty cents an acre upwards, and on some of the new railways, I have been assured, that during the past year eight million dollars of foreign capital have been invested in plantations alone.

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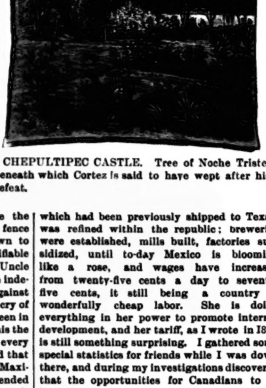
The patriotism of the Mexican puts to shame the mercenary feeling which was appealed to by the Liberals in their last campaign. When the Windom ruling and McKinley Bill began to afflict Mexico, the Government began a system of dignified reprisal in which the entire people heartily concurred. Smelters employing thousands of men, were built, and ore



CHEPULTIPEC CASTLE. Tree of Noche Triste, beneath which Cortez is said to have wept after his defeat.

which had been previously shipped to Texas, was refined within the republic; breweries were established, mills built, factories subsidized, until to-day Mexico is blooming like a rose, and wages have increased from twenty-five cents a day to seventy-five cents, it still being a country of wonderfully cheap labor. She is doing everything in her power to promote internal development, and her tariff, as I wrote in 1878, is still something surprising. I gathered some special statistics for friends while I was down there, and during my investigations discovered that the opportunities for Canadians to do business there, were simply immense. Consul-General Ansdell has made application for the opening of negotiations, and I sincerely hope before this session of parliament is over that something will be done. Every province is concerned, for at present the visitor to Mexico will find that biscuits upon which there is a duty of seven and a half cents per pound, are supplied to the Mexicans by Kansas City, together with cracked wheat and flour, a trade which should be wholly ours if we had a reciprocity treaty. Soaps, protected from nine to sixty-two and a half cents a pound, are supplied by England and France; writing and printing papers from four to thirty-two and a half cents a pound, are supplied by the United States and England. I give these as examples—woodenware would be in our line, fine horses and cattle now shipped from the United States under an almost prohibitory duty, would be sent from here. I rode behind a team of horses which at Grand's sale would not bring over three hundred and fifty dollars, which had been brought from Chicago and sold for twelve hundred dollars in Mexican money, which as a rule is worth about eighty cents on the dollar. Thoroughbred cattle would go from here instead of from the breeding farms of Illinois and Kentucky. Fish, which is now imported from Boston and San Francisco, would go from Halifax, St. John, Vancouver and Victoria. Nowhere did I discover a single can or box of Canadian fish nor an ounce of Canadian goods of any kind in that market of ten millions of people, which would mean much to us, for everything we gained would be new trade. Paper which is made and sold here at six cents a pound, is worth twenty there, and we would have a most excellent market, for Mexico is not without its newspapers, many of them ably edited too. On the other hand, the tobacco of San Andres Tuxtla is as fine as that of Havana and vastly cheaper. Sugar cane grows most luxuriantly on the red soil of southern Mexico, soil identical with that of Cuba, with which I am fairly well acquainted. Fruits, spices, cotton, coffee, fibre, and a score of other things are produced which we use in large quantities. When we talk of reciprocity, let us talk of reciprocal trade with people who produce what we want and consume what we produce. Our five millions of people as consumers, are worth doubtless more than their ten millions, but the advantage to us would be fully as great as to them, for they make no cheese, no butter, import their hams, dried and pickled fish, and use exactly what we have to sell. Mexico is a country that counts for something, for it has a national sentiment which rates friendship as being worth something and commercial enmity as being a barrier. Could we establish trade with them we would have a barley market, and their mines and ours would attract the attention of the world; for unlike as they are, their dissimilarity would prove of value to both. Shortly I hope to be able to say all these avenues of trade have been opened to Canadians, and at that time it will be a pleasure for me to indicate how they can be made most valuable.

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One sees very little scenery when homeward bound. After I saw the announcement of a general election in Canada made in the *Tres Republica*—the English-speaking daily of Mexico City—I hurried homewards, and though the beautiful scenery on the Mexican National Railway re-impressed itself on me, the idea of soon being at home again was the dominant one, and as we flitted through cities we had visited, expectation rather than observation occupied my thoughts. I had a funny experience at one of the Mexican stations on a fleshy day, when it is the custom to offer baskets for sale. I was buying some for myself and a gentleman on the train asked me to get one for him. The train was about starting when I inquired the price of the one he fancied. Two dollars was asked. After considerable haggling the vendor got down to seventy-five cents, and I was trying to make change when the train started. All the loose change we could raise was half a dollar. The Indian ran alongside of the moving coach and I explained that he would have to take back his basket. He saw the fifty cents in my hand and with a gasp such as a man who is wearied with hard running will give, he told me to give him that and keep the basket. It was very funny. When he got the half dollar the train must have been running at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

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At Laredo I said good-bye to Mexico with a sigh, for next to my own country I love it best. There is no winter trip comparable to two or three months in that sunny land. The one who spends only a week or two weeks there, does not know it. I lived in it many years ago and I know the failings and the strength of the people. Their hospitality cannot be exceeded anywhere in the world. The poorest Mexican will always divide with you. He is generous and picturesque. The Indian is generous and industrious, and his sad eyes tell a story of a thousand years of sorrow endured by his race. They work hard, they work for very little, they love their country in a way which should make us Canadians blush. They make no complaints. One can thank God for a sojourn in a country where there is no complaining except from the church. They are happy, polite in speech, and gentle to one another, loving in their families though loose in their morals, and altogether one can forgive their weaknesses when acquaintance brings appreciation of their good qualities. If my health were ever to force me to leave this northern clime, which I love a thousandfold better than any other, I would go to Mexico, and if I went I would take the Mexican National Railway and see again those wondrous pictures which are displayed on almost every mile of that road. Those who next winter feel like shortening the season by a visit to the south, should visit this new land, new to us though older in history than any other part of the continent, and any information I can give to intending visitors will be cheerfully afforded. By and by some of the things which especially excited my attention will be dealt with in special articles, and in the meantime these letters will give place to my talks about things Canadian, and on matters Mexican I bid you *adios*.

DON.

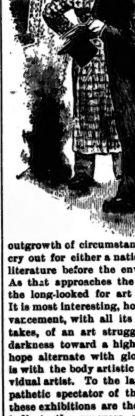
Libitina Verticordia.

Sister of sleep, healer of life, divine
As rest and strong as very love may be,
To set the soul that love could set not free,
To bid the skies that day could bid not shine,
To give the gift that life withheld was thine.
With all my heart I loved one borne from me:
And all my heart bows down and praises thee,
Death, that has now made grief not his but mine.

O Changer of men's hearts, we would not bid thee
Turn back our hearts from sorrow; this alone
We bid, we pray thee, from thy sovereign throne
And sanctuary sublime where heaven has bid thee,
Give grace to know of those for whom we weep
That if they wake their life is sweet as sleep.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne in Black and White.

The R. C. Academy's Exhibition.



THE exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Artists now being held at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists is a source of pride to those who have for years watched the progress of art in Canada. They have thoroughly realized in their long watch that Art, like Science, "moves but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point." Art in letters does likewise. They are the outgrowth of circumstances, and it is futile to cry out for either a national art or a national literature before the environment is suitable. As that approaches the favorable conditions, the long-looked for art is naturally evolved. It is most interesting, however, to note the advancement, with all its stumblings and mistakes, of an art struggling up through the darkness toward a high ideal. Pleasure and hope alternate with gloom and despair. It is with the body artistic as it is with the individual artist. To the layman, who is a sympathetic spectator of the process of growth, these exhibitions are the gauge marks which indicate the progress made or the reverse. They attest the force, or the weakness, of the effort made and the vital power in the artistic body. It is therefore gratifying to such an observer to see in the present exhibition evidences of splendid achievement and immense vitality in the art movement of this country. It is not only interesting in its indications of technical progression, but is also attractive in the variety, range and spirit of the subjects painted. Canadian artists are commencing to grapple, and successfully too, with the more difficult branches of art which entail the employment of living and moving figures. Heretofore the endless succession of lifeless landscapes made our exhibitions exceedingly monotonous to all but those whose interest was technical. Now, a pleasant array of subject paintings not only relieves the general monotony but largely adds by their contrast to the interest of the landscape pieces. The progress made since the Academy's exhibition was last held in Toronto cannot but be remarked and it indicates that at no distant date the art of Canada will take a reputable position. But, as I have often said in this column, I believe the richest vein in the mine is to be found in the life of Canada, and as our art works more and more in this direction so will it increase in importance. At the same time I do not wish to derogate in any way from the importance of other branches.

It is quite evident that the selection of the pictures hung in this exhibition has been very careful, although one room seems to have been used as a sort of waste-basket. While it has been made a receptacle for some meritorious work, it contains other work that will only live to damn its author's reputation in future years. In considering the expediency of this action there arises the old difficulty between the critics and the criticized which has troubled the world for centuries. I believe, however, in a little cruel kindness.

The most important figure subjects, in oils, on exhibition are Family Prayer by G. A. Reid, Going Wrong by R. Harris, and At the Close of Day, by Carl Ahrens. Other smaller pictures contain figures, landscape, etc., where the interest is divided. The above artists have found their subjects in the rural life of Canada, and have very successfully and picturesquely employed them. Mr. Reid has painted a picture charming in many respects. It appeals forcibly and directly to a rural Canadian. It will probably occur to some that he has robbed his subject of much of its poetical feeling by being too literal. There seems to be an absence of devoutness in the picture that one would scarcely expect. There is an air of the impatient performance of a duty in the dropped-down-for-a-minute attitude of the head of the household. His thoughts might be in the hay field. The two children by the window are talking "on the sly" and the mother's attention is evidently divided between her devotions and her daughter's. The old man is intent. Now this is probably just the exact state of affairs in the majority of households where family worship is carried on. If Mr. Reid has imbibed any French ideas of realism he has doubtless achieved his object in this picture, and it becomes a question of whether he has lost or gained artistically in sacrificing the poetical for the literal. His technical treatment is admirable. The children by the window, the grandfather, and the father are beautifully painted, while the background and accessories are natural and very harmonious. Mr. Reid exhibits a number of small pictures in oils and pastel. In the latter medium he works very successfully.

The picture by Mr. Harris, entitled Going Wrong, represents a family group, consisting evidently of father, mother, son and daughter. A letter has come to the father's hands giving information of his son's lapse from right. With it he is confronting and accusing his guilty son, to the great grief of the mother and sister. The external expression of emotion is unusually good and the picture easily tells it own story. The household is evidently a rural one, as all the accessories, garments, furniture, etc., are of this character. The figures are well drawn, and the general tone of the picture excellent. Mr. Harris has contributed some more general pictures and two portraits. His Old Friar is a splendid study of a head and The Cow Pen is well painted. The Prelude, an Oriental subject, representing a woman playing on a guitar or mandolin, does not appeal to me. Its coloring is exceedingly brilliant and rather tawdry.

Mr. Carl Ahren's large canvas, At the Close of Day, is perhaps more notable as an example of a more artistic feeling rather than great technical excellence, although it is far from being deficient in the latter. It represents another scene familiar in our rural districts. Two women, one standing, the other sitting with a child in her arms, watch by a large iron soap kettle, under which a smouldering fire burns. The rosy reflected light from the twilight sky illumines the head of the standing figure, while along near the earth the dusk is creeping in and through it the blue smoke curls lazily upward. It has all the witchery and restfulness of a Canadian summer evening and is pervaded with splendid "feeling." This picture contains many excellent touches and bears ample evidence of having been painted directly from the life by one who knew his subject even better than he could express it. Mr. Ahrens exhibits two small pieces entitled Evening and Breaking Waves. The latter is an excellent bit of marine painting. There is another large figure painting on the wall entitled An Interrupted Siesta. It contains some good painting, but the general composition is absurd.

There are a number of well painted portraits on the wall. Mr. R. Harris of Montreal is represented in this line by an excellent portrait of Hon. G. W. Allan and by a charming Portrait of A Lady, in the features of which most Torontonians will recognize Miss Marjorie Campbell. These are well posed, full of character and painted with a vigorous and firm touch. Mr. J. C. Forbes shows two portraits of Toronto citizens, Messrs. A. M. Cooby and Samuel Nordheimer. I have a standing quarrel with Mr. Forbes in the matter of technique. While his likenesses may be very accurate, he seems to me to lack vigor which results in a loss of character in his portraits. The clothes of his subjects fit too snugly and their faces look too oily. If he is to paint Gladstone, as I hear, he must modify his methods in order to succeed, for the face of the G. O. M. is full of character, and they say his clothes never fit. Mr. J. W. L. Forster is represented by a very good portrait of Mr. James Fullerton, Q.C. It is virile in treatment and a good likeness. Mr. W. A. Sherwood shows two portraits, one of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith and one of himself. Both are well handled and excellent likenesses. Mr. G. A. Reid has an excellent portrait of a child, and Mr. A. D. Patterson contributes portraits of the late Mr. Robert Cassells and Mrs. Robert Cassells. Miss McConnell exhibits a portrait, which is lacking in drawing.

By far the greater number of pictures exhibited are landscapes and miscellaneous. They are so numerous that it will be impossible to notice them all in the space at my disposal. In landscape Mr. John A. Fraser carries off the palm, as he did with his water colors last May. His subjects, three in number, are from the Highlands of Scotland. Though unfamiliar to most of us they bear their stamp of excellence on their faces. The distance is so perfect and values so well preserved that one can easily imagine, if he does not know, that he is looking on a perfect representation of a poetical scene in the historic Highlands. Mr. Homer Watson is also on hand with a number of English and Scotch pictures. I like these specimens of his work better than any I have seen recently. He still preserves his peculiar cold tones and his skies are cloudy, but painting cloudy effects instead of sunny is purely a matter of taste. What puzzles one is where he gets his peculiar tones. Some of his compositions in the present exhibit are charming and painted with much skill. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's large oil, Indian Summer, is rather lacking in body. This is probably accentuated by the proximity of Mr. Watson's strong colors. Mr. J. C. Forbes shows a number of small landscapes of which the best is probably Willows, at Cushings' Island. Mr. G. B. Bridgman is represented by a number of interesting pictures. Winter, which represents a woman and child on a snow-covered field, has a peculiar effect. It looks sunny, yet there is evidently no sun. It is rather effective, though one cannot but think the snow might have been cleaner. His Quietude is a pleasant picture. In The Turnpike there a certain crude effectiveness but the lines are too rigid to be pleasing. Mr. Percy Woodcock's pictures wear an imitative look, as if one had met them before, but this is probably owing to their varnished appearance, which makes them look like old paintings. His small landscapes, Waterlily Bay, Souvenir au Grand Noir, Among the Thousand Islands, are charming. There are few brighter bits of color on the walls than Mrs. G. A. Reid's Roadside Cottage, which is excellently composed and careful in drawing and treatment. Her Panel is a gem in still life. A number of paintings of French subjects are contributed by John Hammond, who shows some very effective work in a Misty Morning, St. John's Harbor. Waiting for a Bite, by Mr. F. S. Challener, is a small figure painting very pleasing in character and creditable to the artist, who is quite a young man. Mr. Owen P. Stables shows a clever portrait of a King Charles spaniel. A strong and well-handled painting of fruit, and two delightful bits of English landscape are from the brush of Miss Gertrude E. Spurr. Mr. F. C. V. Ede exhibits two pictures of cattle, both of which, while indicating a certain degree of cleverness in handling, appear rather unfinished. Near Sandy Hook, Sturgeon Lake and On the Cottage Steps are two clever bits which testify to the versatility of Mr. R. Harris. The Old Saw Mill on the Riviere du Loup by O. A. Janson has been treated in a sort of Monticellian style. Mr. W. Raphael contributes several good things, the most effective of which is the one entitled The Tramp, which, however, is a landscape rather than a figure subject, as the title would imply. A number of excellent small landscapes and one or two figures pieces are from the brush of Mr. W. Brymner. A picturesque bit of pastoral scenery is Haying Time at Valois, near Montreal. Low Tide, Baie St. Paul, is a strong bit of coast painting. Sad Memories is a well-painted study of an old woman. Mr. T. Mower Martin's oil paintings are variable in quality. I do not like his large one, Portage in Muskoka. The foreground seems hareh. The distance is much better painted. His Harvest Time and Within the City Limits have a good feeling. Mr. Henry Sandham's picture, In the Potato Field, might as well be in the Turnip Field for all the resemblance there is in his painting to growing potatoes. Mr. Henry Martin and Miss H. S. Samuels contribute fruit paintings, Juliet H. Howson and Margaret Ross, still life, Miss J. M. F. Adams some clever life studies, and Mr. Colin A. Scott, Ben Foster, Forshaw Day, Jas. Wilson, J. H. C. Miles and J. W. H. Watts some creditable small landscapes.

I shall deal with the remainder of the exhibition next week.

VAN.

Can You See Your Own Brain?

On the authority of Dr. Fraser Halle, it is quite possible for a man to see his own brain. Fifty years have elapsed since Purkinge observed that by passing a needle point for several times by the side of the eye the air in front was transformed into a kind of screen, on which was reflected what was then supposed to be "a magnified image of part of the retina." Sir C. (then Mr.) Wheatstone believed it to be "the shadow of the vascular network." Mayo thought it was "an image of the blood vessels of the retina." Sir Benjamin Brodie said that it was to him really incomprehensible. By means of more careful drawings Dr. Fraser Halle resumed the exploration and succeeded in identifying the picture with the representation of the "anterior lobe of the cerebrum." The picture consists, he has long observed, of "red convolutions with dark interspaces," among which a whitish substance is sometimes visible. These, he says, constitute exactly the image of folds of the anterior lobe of the brain with the furrows between them. The candle should be moved to and fro, about four inches below the eye, and three and a quarter inches from the face. When the movement ceases the undulations, of course, also cease and the image disappears. A reddish mist appears first, and the image is soon developed and defined. Night is the best time for it, but it can be seen in a dark place—faintly—in the daytime.—*Chicago News.*

Ornamental, also Useful.

Mrs. Suddenrich—What awful nice spoons them are!

Dealer—Yes, madam; they are our very latest designs.

Mrs. S.—Are they to eat fruit with?

Dealer—They are souvenir spoons, madam.

Mrs. S.—Gimme a dozen. Our new French cook makes elegant souvenir.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

CHAPTER V.

HELEN.

Helen Hilton sank down laughing in a chair opposite her mother in the latter's dressing-room, lightly clasping her slim, white hands around one of the cushions, against which she leaned so gracefully and luxuriantly, her large, brown eyes half-closed in lazy enjoyment.

"I declare, mamma, I am tired almost to death," she said, in her soft, musical voice, her parted red lips showing the glimmer of pearly teeth within. "Carlie and I were shopping all the morning. We met some of the girls, too, and formed a party to drive in the Park this afternoon; and we were driving in the Park—I love every step of that old Park. I believe, Mamma Stuart—we decided to go to the theater to-night, if our escorts are not too utterly fatigued after the hunt. A grand time they have had, no doubt—men do so enjoy hunting out poor little harmless rabbits and quail and things—but it seems to me an eternity when Roy is away for an entire day. He spoils me, you know.

She laughed softly, and unclasped her fingers, to run them recklessly through the dainty curls on her forehead. A beautiful woman in truth; not a cold, but rendered somewhat careless of the world beyond her world, by her own success and happy life and ease. Her husband adored her. Nothing that money could buy did she desire and not obtain. She was the only child of the proud old Stuart house, and although her parents were given over to society and its least demands, yet they loved and were intensely proud of this one exquisitely beautiful daughter. Her social success and alliance with a house as old and as aristocratic and good as theirs, increased their perfect satisfaction in her.

Mrs. Stuart smiled with proud pleasure upon the animated face among the stuffy cushions of the huge arm chair. She was a beautiful woman herself, her white hair under an atom of lace, her brown eyes still bright with spirit and fire, her haughty face strangely softened toward the small woman opposite.

"I think Roy spoils you, because you are so much of a child, Helen," she said, laughingly. She was toying with a polished ebony hand-mirror. Her maid was but just gone, dismissed after arranging her mistress's hair, that the two should not be interrupted. The atmosphere of the room was heavy with the fragrance of toilet waters and perfumes. After a moment, the slender little figure rose from the huge chair and crossed to the long, lace-draperied window.

"Let me open the window one moment, mamma," she said, her hands upon the sash, her smiling dark eyes resting upon the older eyes of the same hue. "I am suffocating. Your rooms are always so sweet with odors, that it is like being smothered in flowers. Too much of any good thing, you know. The thought of flowers is delightful, but if one is to be smothered with them, it is death just the same. May I open it, mother?"

"Since you have taken to summering in the Adirondacks, you are a fanatic about air," said Mrs. Stuart, calmly. She allowed nothing to disturb her equanimity. Never impatience spoiled one's expression and smoothness of face. Perhaps her calmness accounted for the perfect baby softness of her face. "Open the window if you wish, Helen; but remember that it is late November weather, and slightly chilly."

Helen laughed, and shrugged her pretty shoulders. A comical pucker wrinkled her brows. Her dark eyes looking out from this elaborate wrinkle were laughing at her. She knelt at the opened window, inhaling the crisp air.

"It is so good," she said, solemnly. "Maybe it is cold, but one must have air in winter as well as in summer, *chere* mamma. See! So! clear away the dead close atmosphere of the shops, and let new blood come to heart against Roy's return. I always like to be at my best with him."

"You are a spoiled child," said her mother, with unusual fondness. "Now close the window, Helen. It is time to dress for dinner. You will dine with us and let Roy come for you."

"Oh, no, no!" Helen interrupted, hastily. She closed the window, after a last deep breath of the clear outer air, and crossed to one of the mirrors to arrange her pretty scrap of a thing in reds and browns that rested upon her beautiful hair as though it loved it. She pushed up to the last comer some long, loose wrists of her tan-colored Suede gloves and nestled her soft, dimpled chin in the long hair of her boa, shrugging her shoulders, glancing critically sideways into the mirror to see that her coat sat well. A beautiful, proud, bewitching woman, conscious of her perfections and imperfections, with the capability of making a noble woman should her life rouse the latent power within the soul looking out of those great, dark, shy, proud eyes.

"Now, Mamma Stuart!" She turned from the mirror quite satisfied. "I must hurry on home. I walked here, you know. I was so tired of the carriage, and the air is just right for walking. I wish Roy had invited me to join the hunt. I would have gone fast enough, and Carlie, and dear little Kit Carson, and the others, only men never think how we would like a share in such of their pleasures. The kinds of creation sometimes overlook the ladies in their magnificence!"

She laughed merrily and touched her mother's beautiful hair with her light fingers, stooping to kiss her.

"*Au revoir*, mother mine! You will be at the Carltons', I presume! We will go there after one or two scenes—after seeing the Kordals at their best, you know. I so admire that woman!"

She flitted away as though in truth she belonged to the crisp, bright outer air and not the heavy atmosphere of the luxurious room, her skirts rustling softly down the polished oaken staircase, her face like a picture, in the mellow light of the hall. Passing on to the library ere leaving the house, she tapped lightly upon the closed door, holding back the rich, heavy drapery before it. Then, pushing it open, she stood, a bright vision, upon the threshold.

DeWitt Stuart was sitting before the glowing grate-fire, his slippered feet upon the fender, reading the evening paper, one or two of which had read fallen to the floor. He raised his eyes from the news columns as his daughter paused in the doorway. His cold blue eyes took on a warmer glint. He smiled, speaking to her:

"Come in," he said, "little one. Where is Roy?"

"Gone with the hunting party, you know, papa."

"Oh, yes," nodding gravely. "I remember, now. Come to the fire. It is chilly to-day, Helen."

She shook her bright head merrily but resolutely. The dimples were coming and going in her face. The fire reflected from them danced in her eyes. The mellow glow from the reading lamp fell upon her father's white head and touched her face tenderly.

"But, indeed, I am not cold, papa," she said, gayly, smoothing the long ends of the boa with her restless fingers, still standing in the doorway. "I am never cold. I think if Stanley ever undertakes the North Pole instead of African wilderness, I shall join the expedition! Only," her haughty mouth tight with pride, "they would need to hear in the great darkened room, "only I should be tempted to remain with you, if I yielded to your invitation, Papa Stuart, the fire so pretty! I just stopped to say good-bye. Good-bye, Papa Stuart, until we meet at Mrs. Carlton's! It is almost time for Roy, and I must hurry. I would have him come without being home to meet him!"

DeWitt Stuart nodded, smiling upon his daughter.

"You will spoil Roy as he has spoiled you," he said, in the kind and gentle voice only this one person ever heard.

She laughed and ran away along the hall and out at the big front doors, closing them softly behind her and hurrying along the streets in crisp and bright and beautiful as the descending night, her warm heart pulsing with pride for the man she was hastening to welcome as she welcomed always his tenderness never dreaming of the threatening cloud lowering above her.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARREST.

After the news was made known through the village that George Chesney had been found murdered in the woods between Nanuet and the Nyack road, and that a handsome young stranger, apparently excited, had been seen to come from those woods in a hunting suit, with a rifle in its case, and take the train for the city, there was too much excitement to clearly remember what had taken place. There was no doubt that the news spread wildly, that the coroner was called, that he impaneled a jury, and that the verdict was the unmistakable fact that the man was dead, and that he met his death "under suspicious circumstances."

This last was the arrow that struck at Roy Hilton's honor. He was a stranger there; he was seen to leave the place under suspicion; he went; he had been seen by old Hardman's niece quarreling with the dead man in the woods, not a half-hour previous to his death; the wound was made by a rifle ball; he was but that one round, and it was fired from the thicket bordering the cart track from which the stranger was seen to emerge from the woods. This statement led to a telegram, sent to the city, ordering the stranger's detention at Jersey City, for which place his ticket was purchased. Officers were sent down to bring him back to Nyack to await further developments, or bring such proof of his innocence as must overbalance the circumstantial evidence against him. When the officer made known his errand and took him into custody, Roy's first impulse was to laughing at the mistake made by the stupid, for daring to charge him—him, Roy Hilton—with such a crime. But he placed a stern restraint upon his anger, and memory of the afternoon's events came to him forcibly, turning all too vividly upon him, the hand impulsively raised in self-defence fell clenched at his side, and his stranger-eyes upon his face during the journey only deepened, as he shut his teeth down sharply over the groan that rose to his lips. He staggered for an instant, stricken by the weight of truth against him. Then he drew himself up proudly, all the strong old blood of his line coming to his aid, and signified his willingness to return with the officers to the little town among the hills.

Justice followed so sharply upon the deed that he was stunned, thinking of it as they were whirled over the Northern road a half-hour later. He would not try to free himself from the charge until such time as should call for accusation and trial. Surely he could not even ask if his friends had been heard from, or to send a message to his wife. The crime stamped upon him was so black and so clear that he would bear it alone as long as he could. It was bitter, degrading. He would keep it from his wife and friends until necessity made it known.

"They will know of it soon enough," he groaned to himself, his elbow upon the window sill of the car, his chin in his hands, his proud, half proud, half pathetic, wholly steady in their gaze, staring out upon the whirling scenery. One of the officers in civilian dress sat with him, the other occupied the seat behind. He was not handcuffed. In that they were generous. There was something about the man that commanded respect in spite of the charge against him. The men had seen too much of life to be easily soft-hearted, but they were not unjust. Men in as hard life as he, had been charged with murder before, but they would not be harsh. Circumstances were black against him, but, as yet, he was not proved a murderer.

How swiftly the time flew between Roy's arrest and their arrival at the Nyack depot, yet as eternity of sorrow and pain passed over his soul. He bore himself just as erect and manly, his eyes never flinching from the gaze of those they met. He looked as handsome and proud and noble walking between the officers, as ever he looked in his life. But appearances deceive oftentimes, the people said, gossiping later, and bravado sometimes goes for a noble pride.

The hunting party were awaiting him at the station-house. He feared this would be the case, but did not flinch from the meeting. For an instant the color flamed into his face and then gave place to a more deadly pallor.

"I did not think to meet you—yet," he said, quietly, his voice perfectly even, though he refused the outstretched hands of his friends.

"Who guessed this morning what would come with the night! And—" his eyes, darkened with a nameless shadow, turned to Frank Whitney's kind face. "And George Chesney is dead—murdered—they say, Roy! Murdered—by me! Do you believe me guilty, Frank—you, my old chum?"

Whitney winced. A flush came into his face. He laid his hand on Roy's arm, the others pressing about him. The officers were withdrawn, though near at hand. There was powerful influence to bear in Roy Hilton's favor and already it was felt.

"Believe you guilty? Of course not, Roy, my dear fellow!" called Frank Whitney, decisively. "We will prove your innocence, never fear. But for the present—just for the present, Roy, is is best to say little. We have done what we can—now. By and by we will do more. All in good time, dear old fellow—all in good time!"

"We will stand by you like a company of vigilants, we fellows, Roy!" declared Jack Graham, in his pleasant voice, not to be put off in his determination to grasp the prisoner's hand. "Look here, now, none of this, Hilton! I'll swear by you till my last gasp, so you may as well give us your hand on it!"

"Your heart is good and strong, Roy, old boy," added Joe Manning, as heartily as he could command himself to speak. "Don't let it fail you. We'll get you through without a scratch!"

"Our sentiments, down to the last man, Roy," added Clarence Kordal, in deep corroboration. "These fellows here will do their best for you, and we'll pull you through as soon as we can. Don't lose your courage, old fellow!"

And so it was that proud Roy Hilton, in the height of his manhood and pride and pluck, was branded with suspicion of murder and held to await his trial, the evidence so strong against him, even his warmest friends growing sick at heart fighting for proofs of his innocence.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE THE TRIAL.

Three weeks went by between that November day and the day of his trial. Money hurried this on, and money engaged the most skilful detectives to work up the case for proofs in his favor or against the murderer. Every that could be done to trace the murder to its true source; and still there could be but one verdict.

Roy, Roy told himself, had events so crowded into such a short space of time, or such clear proofs risen as to the murderer.

"How does my wife bear this?" he asked Frank Whitney, his counsel, when he came to him one day—the day preceding the trial. "They have done well to keep her from here. We coming could do no good, but would only be an unnecessary sadness to both of us. You are her friend, Frank. Tell me truly, how do her people take this disgrace?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders with affected lightness, and laughed genially, but his client was not to be so easily deceived. There was a shadow in the kind brown eyes that told Roy Hilton as clearly as words that all was not well, assure him as his friend would that such was the case. He forgot his own danger in this proof for his wife.

"You are not to talk of this affair as disgrace, Hilton," Whitney said. "We will bring you through all right. We are a strong like beavers, and believe in you so firmly no one could doubt you; and when once you are out of this, no one could hold suspicion upon you!"

"That is not answering my question, Whitney," retorted Roy, sternly. There was a haggard look upon his face that struck a chill to his friend's heart; a proud look, too, that bore born of the confinement and the suspicion. "You need not tell me that Helen is true. She could not be false to herself, under any circumstances. Even had I done this thing," his lawyer started at the swift change on the pale face—"even had I done it, and he her friend and mine, she would be true to me. She could not doubt me. It is of her people I ask. They would sooner see me dead—far sooner, as I believe, than bring disgrace upon their proud name. That has been the one bitterest drop of all this bitter; and it is bitter, Frank Whitney, beyond your power of thought."

The lawyer's face changed strangely, as he stood behind Roy's chair.

"This confinement is making you gloomy—you, the jollies fellow going, Roy," he said; and he laughed, with strange restraint upon voice and expression. "We must get you out of this to-morrow. Rest assured that there is not another night for you in this room. Your friends have the utmost faith in you, believe me."

The young man rose, locking his hands behind him, as though, with this touch of evil fate upon him, he could not meet Whitney's face as he stood, for daring to charge him—him, Roy Hilton—with such a crime. But he placed a stern restraint upon his anger, and memory of the afternoon's events came to him forcibly, turning all too vividly upon him, the hand impulsively raised in self-defence fell clenched at his side, and his stranger-eyes upon his face during the journey only deepened, as he shut his teeth down sharply over the groan that rose to his lips. He staggered for an instant, stricken by the weight of truth against him. Then he drew himself up proudly, all the strong old blood of his line coming to his aid, and signified his willingness to return with the officers to the little town among the hills.

Justice followed so sharply upon the deed that he was stunned, thinking of it as they were whirled over the Northern road a half-hour later. He would not try to free himself from the charge until such time as should call for accusation and trial. Surely he could not even ask if his friends had been heard from, or to send a message to his wife. The crime stamped upon him was so black and so clear that he would bear it alone as long as he could. It was bitter, degrading. He would keep it from his wife and friends until necessity made it known.

"They will know of it soon enough," he groaned to himself, his elbow upon the window sill of the car, his chin in his hands, his proud, half proud, half pathetic, wholly steady in their gaze, staring out upon the whirling scenery. One of the officers in civilian dress sat with him, the other occupied the seat behind. He was not handcuffed. In that they were generous. There was something about the man that commanded respect in spite of the charge against him. The men had seen too much of life to be easily soft-hearted, but they were not unjust. Men in as hard life as he, had been charged with murder before, but they would not be harsh. Circumstances were black against him, but, as yet, he was not proved a murderer.

How swiftly the time flew between Roy's arrest and their arrival at the Nyack depot, yet a

Hugh Travers' Probation.

"Have you heard the news? Grace Ellesmere is going with her father to live for a whole year at Taormina—a dreadful place on the top of a mountain, full of brigands and gipsies—and they are to lodge in a tumble-down ghostly old monastery. Did you ever hear of anything more dismal?

"But why, in the name of common sense, do they not select a more cheerful retreat?"

"Mr. Ellesmere's cough gets no better; and the doctors say his only chance is to live for a while in a more mild atmosphere; so they have chosen Taormina."

"A doleful prospect for poor Grace! In her place I should die of the 'blues'! I wonder her father allows her to make such a sacrifice! A hired nurse would serve him quite as well—an! we cannot spare Grace just as our theatrical s are coming on."

In this strain the English-speaking community in an hotel at Florence discussed the plans of Mr. Ellesmere and his daughter. Their sympathy for Miss Grace was rather wasted; for, though she secretly enjoyed the prospect of no novel a kind of existence as that proposed, and was ready to follow her father to the end of the world.

Her destination was not the dreary wilderness that Grace's friends had pictured. Situated on the top of a hill in the island of Messina, the village of Taormina was like "a jewel set in the forehead of a fruitful land," with its beautiful outlook over the gulf and the sea coast. A little beyond the village was the Castello Catenna, with one of its towers ruined and uninhabitable, but with a sufficient number of rooms still remaining intact to shelter a prince and his suite. A monastery, in a much more state of decay, was connected with the castle, and imparted to it at a first glance an air of desolation. A few gaunt monks still hovered about the great wilderness of garden surrounding the monastery—the last of the numerous Brotherhood that once inhabited the old place. Tenants of the Castello Caterina always read, as the first clause in their agreement, that "any effort to expel these few remaining monks will be punished by the rigor of the law. The Brotherhood may not add to its number; but to its remaining members is granted the right to end their days in the monastery."

To this castle, the home of an extinct noble Italian family, Grace Ellesmere and her father, with a retinue of trustworthy attendants, wended their way by rail and boat one bright December day. The last stage of their journey, accomplished on horseback, lay through hedges of oleander in full bloom. Oranges and cacti blossomed on either side; the scenery grew ever wilder and more imposing; and Grace was in raptures.

"Papa, we must give the place a more civilized appearance—and there will then be nothing more to desire in our new home!" she exclaimed on their arrival.

"Do not use up all your enthusiasm at first, my daughter, or you will have none left to bear you through the dark days that must come during a whole long year," said Mr. Ellesmere, tenderly caressing the girl's bright head.

"Don't you hear a croaking old raven, dear, but grow well and strong, and do everything I tell you, and we shall be very happy in the midst of our monk-haunted ruins," responded Grace playfully.

Grace's word was law; and soon "the old rooms, rich in the decoration of past age, grew bright and home-like with the addition of some luxurious furniture not too glaringly modern. Flowers, of which there was an abundance, scented the air within doors and without; the ivy and woodbine had been pruned away where they had hung too thickly about the windows, but enough remained to soften and beautify the grim stone walls; the rank weeds which had hidden the statues on the terrace, were cleared away, and a silent fountain now threw forth a pattering crystal shower.

Grace's room, in a tower commanding a charming view over the gulf, became, with her maid's help, a very attractive little bower indeed. The oaken floor was polished till it shone, and then covered with soft white sheepskins; the old tapestry on the walls was beaten and sunned until no moth or spider had the courage to re-establish itself therein. But withal, the place lost little of its air of antiquity; and, as Grace lay down in her massive canopied bed, she imagined herself carried back to the medieval time when the castle was first built. In the library there was a picture of a fair girl in a violet dress of the fifteenth century, and for amusement Grace copied the costume in cash-ons of the same tint, and wore it as she walked among her flowers or sat in her tower-window sewing like a pretty little *chatelaine* of the Middle Ages.

"Papa, have you noticed what a disagreeable face one of those monks has?" said Grace one evening, while strolling with her father on the terrace. "Fra Pietro, I believe he is called. There is a look in his eyes that haunts me at night, and I wish we could send him away."

"That is a hopeless wish, my dear. We engaged this place, as you know, with the express understanding that the brothers may live undisturbed, and that we find their presence unbearable, our only alternative is to leave ourselves. I should be sorry to go after all the trouble we have taken to make the place comfortable."

"Of course nothing shall drive us away now, when you are growing stronger and better every day."

"I hope you will not foster your dislike of Fra Pietro; for it will only make you unhappy without doing any good."

"I do not mind the other monks," returned Grace—"they are only shadows of men, and one almost forgets their existence; but Fra Pietro is an underhand malicious look about Fra Pietro which I am sure you must have noticed. Now confess, papa—do you not think him a rascal in a quiet way?"

"Nonsense, my dear!" exclaimed Mr. Ellesmere. "What is the use of troubling yourself about the moral character of any of those old fellows! They have not a thought beyond their paternosters and cabbage-gardens, and would not harm a kitten."

Grace was silenced, but not convinced; and she gathered herself a bunch of tea roses without attempting to carry the discussion farther.

One evening, shortly after sunset, Mr. Ellesmere and his daughter were driving in Grace's pony-phaeton along a road to the south of Taormina, famed for its vineyards of azaleas growing on a rocky bank rising up almost perpendicularly from the roadside. As they drove along in the deepening dusk, Grace noticed some object lying on the road before them which looked like the body of a man.

"Pull up the pony, papa!" she cried. "One of these worthy peasants has taken too much thin wine, and is sleeping off the effects in the dust. The stupid fellow—we might easily have run over him!"

Being far more active than her invalid father, Grace sprang from the little carriage to awaken the sleeper.

"Papa, papa," she exclaimed the next moment, "it is not a tipsy peasant at all, but a gentleman with a bad wound in his forehead! He is quite insensible—perhaps dead. Papa dear, oh! shall we do?"

Mr. Ellesmere was soon kneeling beside the senseless man, feeling his pulse and binding a handkerchief over a cut on his temple.

"Don't be frightened, Grace," he said; "he is only stunned. Fortunately I have a flask and candy-flask and cake, which, together with water from the little brook a few yards farther on, will bring the poor fellow to his senses."

Under the careful ministrations of Grace and her father, the color returned to the lips and cheeks of the wounded man, and, opening his eyes, he half rose upon one elbow, and asked, with an unsteady voice, in English:

"Where am I? What has happened?"

"You have met with an accident on the road to Taormina, but are with friends, and need feel no anxiety about yourself," replied Mr. Ellesmere consolingly, delighted at hearing the sound of his mother tongue in this lonely region.

"I saw some of those flowers growing high up among the rocks, and climbed to gather them. It was a foolish fancy. I slipped and fell; but I accomplished my mission, you see," added the stranger, with a smile, languidly raising one hand, which clasped a spray of yellow jessamine.

The exertion of talking seemed to exhaust him; and it was fortunately that he was able to accept Grace's invitation and take a seat in the phaeton. With faintly-spoken thanks he sank back upon the cushions, and relapsed into a state of semi-consciousness. Graced urged her pony forward in the direction of the Castello Caterina; and in half an hour, with a sigh of relief, she gave over the wounded stranger to the care of her father's valet.

An hour later the gentleman was able to thank his benefactors as they deserved. He was a handsome agreeable man of about five-and-thirty, with a few threads of grey in his dark curling hair. His eyes had a world of kindness in them; but even with the return of strength he retained what was apparently their usual expression of sadness. "Colonel Hugh Travers" was the name on the card which he presented to Mr. Ellesmere; and, in alluding to the cavalry regiment to which he belonged, the names of common friends were mentioned which formed an additional bond of interest between the two men.

"I hope that we shall meet often, and that I may be able to prove my gratitude to you in a more substantial manner," said Colonel Travers, as he bade them farewell with evident reluctance. "I live in a little cottage on the other side of Taormina—the Villa Tasso, it is called—you may perhaps have noticed it; and I hope that you and Miss Ellesmere will honor me with a visit."

"We shall be most happy to do so, I assure you; and I need hardly tell you that the discovery of a fellow-countryman in this lonely corner of the world is very agreeable to us," returned Mr. Ellesmere, shaking his guest's hand with hearty warmth.

This accident on the hillside was the forerunner of a very intimacy between the inmates of the Castello Caterina and the one inhabitant of the Villa Tasso, which was more unreserved and quickly formed than is usual among English men and women. Colonel Travers had a fascinating manner that soon won Grace Ellesmere's heart; in a few minutes he would talk to her for hours of his hair-breadth escapes in battle, and of his wanderings in foreign lands, and of all the exciting events of his life, until Grace found the stirring tales of her books had lost their charm, so much more vivid were the colonel's descriptions of men and places.

In his turn, Colonel Travers was content to watch the changing expression of Miss Ellesmere's sweet girlish face as she listened to him. Her delicate color would come and go, her blue eyes sparkle with amusement or fill with tears, according as his narrative was humorous or pathetic, and her work would lie unheeded in her lap as she hung upon his every syllable.

There seemed to be one chapter in his history the Grace of which he never turned; the shadow of a deep sorrow always seemed to cloud his handsome face when in repose. From certain casual words and allusions of his, Grace soon suspected that there was a painful wound concealed in this man's heart, and she wondered if the day would ever come when he would give her his confidence. He seemed to her at first like an elder brother whom she could trust and look up to; and then a stronger feeling grew up within her, until one day she realized that she was making an idol of a man whose lips had never whispered one word of love in her ears. Could she have looked into Hugh Travers' innermost heart, Grace Ellesmere would have seen there a wild yearning love for her crushed down by a strong will, but all the fiercer for its repression.

One evening they were sitting near a cluster of fragrant acacias; the song of the nightingales filled the long pauses in their quiet, yet intensely satisfying conversation. The scene over the bay and mountains was too lovely for many words, and they were silently content. Suddenly Colonel Travers said:

"Every man has his cross to bear in this world, I suppose. Would you care to listen if I told you of mine?"

Grace's eyes gleamed a glad assent before her lips could form words to answer him.

"Fifteen years ago," he began, "when I was a light-hearted, light-headed boy of twenty, I fell in love, or imagined that I was in love, with an innkeeper's daughter in Kent. It was a foolish infatuation, but I did not know it then; neither did I realize, as I did afterwards, the consequences in England of a man's marrying beneath him. I made the girl my wife. I was very young, you must remember, and her friends did all in their power to influence me to take this step—a fatal one for both of us, as it afterwards proved. As my friends refused to receive my wife, we left England, and wandered finally to Taormina—it was remote, and I wanted to be out of the reach of the society that took such pains to slight me. That was not a happy year—far from it. My wife and I, in tastes and sentiment, were as apart as the poles, and the worst part of our natures seemed to come to the surface whenever we were in each other's society. Our life was quarrelled furiously over some trifle—I scarcely remember what. My wife turned her back upon me in a passion, and left me with the words, 'I hope I may never see your hateful face again!'"

"What a heartless creature she must have been!" exclaimed Grace.

"I suppose I was as much to blame as she; it was a miserably unhappy union for both of us. She left the house, taking her jewels with her and a large sum of money. I have never heard tidings of her since. A man-servant whom I had shortly before engaged—Giovanni by name—accompanied her; and, though for years I have advertised in almost every European newspaper and made all possible inquiries, I have never been able to discover a trace of her or her servant. I do not know if she is living or dead; and this uncertainty embitters my life so that at times I am tempted to end it. I loathe the lonely existence I lead, but no other is possible for me in this world."

Grace shuddered as he finished speaking. She had no consolation to give. What could she say in the face of such a truth?

On the following day Colonel Travers received a letter calling him to Naples for a fortnight, and friend of his departure with a feeling of relief; for during his absence she hoped to succeed in quelling the love that was taking possession of her heart.

In accordance with his daughter's suggestion, Mr. Ellesmere had ordered the entire piece of ground along the south side of the castle should be planted with verbenas and other quick-growing flowers. One morning, when he was superintending the work, Fra Pietro, the monk, in his coarse brown gown, with a knotted rope round his waist, sandalled feet, and tonsured head, unnoticed by all, watched the operations with keen interest, an expression of anxiety deepening on his brow as the laborers turned up shovelful after shovelful of the rich dark earth. As the men drew nearer to the roots of a willow close to the castle wall, the monk, as if unable to restrain his excitement any longer, glided forward from behind the fragment of stone wall where he was hiding and touched Mr. Ellesmere on the shoulder.

"What is the matter, my good friend? You are as pale as a ghost, and your teeth are actually chattering!" said the Englishman, with kindly sympathy.

"Come, *eccellenza*—pray come out of hearing of these men for a moment! I have something of the greatest importance to tell you. The ground you are disturbing is consecrated—it is the site of an altar at which a wonderful miracle was performed! The vengeance of the Madonna will descend upon you and yours if you allow this unholy work to continue! Dismiss these men, I implore you, or the next storm that sweeps over the bay will blast the Castello Caterina with its lightning! I, Fra Pietro, warn you in the name of all the saints!"

(To be Continued.)

A Slight Mistake.

George—Ah, there, me chahmah! I recognize that angelic voice.

Dinah—Law, miss! you dess well come 'long an' talk thoo dis telefom ; you-se'f, 'cause Mister Gawge done recognize my voice.—*Judge.*

Tough Utah Beef.

"Say," remarked a man to the butcher of whom he purchased his daily supply of meat, "that last piece of steak I bought of you must have been from a steer old enough to vote."

"Was it tough?" inquired the man of meat.

"Tough! Well, I should say it was. I could hardly cut it."

"Oh, is that all? Well, you ought to have heard another man kicking a day or two ago. He bought a piece that he said was so tough he couldn't get his fork in the gravy."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Her Place of Residence.

Mr. Farwest (at Florida hotel)—The lady you were talking to appears to be a person of very high social standing.

Mrs. Farwest—She is. She knows everybody worth knowing.

"Where does she live?"

"In New York, I presume. I heard her say she spent six months of every year in Florida and the other six in Maine."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

An Eye to the Future.

"I don't see how you can be pleased at the idea of your brother marrying her. She's so fast and harum-scarum. She'll never make a good wife."

"Oh, but she'll make such a delightful chaperone!"—*Life.*

Rather Low in Fact.

"Grand opera comes high, doesn't it?" said her husband, referring to the price of admission.

"It doesn't seem to come very high in the neck," she replied, glancing at one of the boxes.—*Norristown Herald.*

Head Hunters.

Visitor—What is your work?

Editor—I put heads on the articles that appear in the paper.

Visitor—And what does that stout fellow over there do?

Editor—He puts heads on the men who want to write articles for us.—*Munsey's.*

Painfully Alarmed.

DeBings—I am painfully alarmed for fear that my mother-in-law is losing her reputation for veracity.

DeBangs—Why so?

DeBings—Why, she threatens every morning to leave my house, but she never goes.—*West Shore.*

Jimmie Reads the Papers.

"Jimmie, what are the chief products of California?"

"Florida oranges and Hungarian wine."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—Correspondence Column, Saturday Night Office.)

Louis Zimmerman.—See Loafer.

Esmeralda.—You are imaginative, cheerful, generous, brave and resolute.

Brian Donnson.—The chief center of the silk manufacture in England is Macclesfield.

Canada.—In this writing I see indecision, carelessness tendency to procrastination and coldness.

Loafer.—This writing shows sensitiveness, flippancy, artistic tastes, indecision and cheerfulness.

Miss Fusch.—You are probably quick, energetic, sensitive, a little irresolute and somewhat selfish.

Bridget.—You are impulsive, cordial, sincere, energetic, sympathetic, and fond of a good joke. Eh? my friend.

Wasino.—This writing indicates fondness of social life, much tenderness, some vanity, fair resolution and order.

Rosa.—Thank you for your "grateful and comforting" apology. You see I could not help it, and it did come in as time.

Leone.—This writing shows you to be generous, methodical, self-reliant, rather self-esteeming and very cordial and cheerful.

The Little Tycoon.—This writing shows energy, depth of affection, generosity, some affectation, cordiality, ambition and self-reliance.

Lucretia Borgia.—This writing indicates indecision, a hurry and unassuming disposition, with much tenderness and some flippancy.

Ena.—This writing shows method, sincerity, a slightly imperious manner, but much warmth of heart and considerable cheerfulness.

Katulerry.—In this writing I see ambition, fondness for display, considerable cheerful mirth. 2 Indeed I hope I am. You mimed the word.

Thursday.—I am glad that you enjoy the column. This writing indicates strength and will, a good deal of conscious nature, energy, reserve and candor.

St. Kitt.—You poor deluded mortal. How could I answer to such a letter? The letter was filed away unopened and answered in turn. White or pearl gray gloves are correct.

Catherine G.—Robert Louis Stevenson is now in America, I think, but is going back to Samoa to live. He is married, and his wife, who is also literary in her tastes, has a story in the March *Scribner's.*

Inogen.—This letter is according to rule. Thank you for the dainty proof-reed opinion. Your writing indicates generosity, resolution, tenderness, energy, but too little ambition, and too practical a nature.

Cor Mar.—Your writing shows a fondness of lace, needlework or "point," that worked upon a pillow and called pillow lace, and machine made lace, which imitates both. Your writing shows method, caution, kindness of heart, sincerity and mirth.

Curfew.—Longfellow has a little poem on the curfew. It begins "Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole." Your writing is indicative of steadfastness in friendship, energy, caution, independence of thought and a little surplus of self-esteem.

Snowball.—Your writing indicates reserve, a calculating disposition, considerable self-esteem. 2 Sorrow to Birdie. My dear little correspondent, a man that has to be "caught" is not likely to suit you, besides the idea itself is unromantic.

Jimmie.—Don't you know that almost anything is nice to give your *fiancee* for a birthday gift. A purse, a card case, a book, an engraving, a piece of jewelry, some pretty novelty for her writing-table, a cluster of flowers or a box of bonbons are all nice gifts.

Carry Fliguit.—Candidly speaking, I cannot say that I have much respect for the mentality of a person who "cannot read Shakespeare." 2 To remove ink stains from linen by putting melted tallow on them and laying the garments aside for a few days, after which the stains will disappear in the washing.

Birdie.—1. A daily bath and olive oil rubbed into the skin at night. 2. Don't meddle with your freckles. They cannot be permanently removed. 3 Yes, you may write as often as you wish. 4 Your writing shows some vanity, candor, much growth of heart and resolution. 5 Thank you for the heartily-expressed opinion.

Geographer.—There are many more islands in Georgian Bay than are shown on the ordinary school maps. Its number is variously named. Some say three thousand and others ten thousand. Many of them just appear above the water's edge, while the numerous reefs and shoals make the passage through them a somewhat perilous one.

Heavy.—I cannot understand why your letters did not reach me. You must have misdirected them. Cloudy Household ammonia will not injure the hair if used with care. Brushing is better for it, though, than too much washing. Your writing shows order, some selfishness, reserve, dignity of character and much determination.

Sarah V.—The mourning band is worn according to taste. It is now common for people to assume mourning only for the nearest relations—family or those of the family who make the same dwelling a home. 2. Six months for a sister, brother, father, mother, consort or child, for others, three. Your writing shows energy, impressionability, order, hasty temper and ambition.

A. C. B.—Designs for mourning can be procured at the stationers and engraved at the goldsmiths, if required to mark linen. Many people use crests in this country who had their crests made in the old land the old families retain the crests used by their forefathers. Any bookseller will order a book on Scottish Heraldry for you. 2. If there is no servant leave your card upon the tray in the entrance hall, when you are leaving.

Marjorie.—Cedar signifies "I live for thee." 2. The Suez Canal was opened on March 17, 1869 The quotation to which you refer must, I think, be the following one from Burns:

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip
Let that aye be your border."

Leonora.—Your birthday will be on a Thursday, and July 23 on Friday. Evelyn signifies life; Violet, modest grace, and Florence, blooming. "It looks nicely" is incorrect. Thanks for the good opinion. You need not be a prude to be a perfectly modest and well-bred lady. Your writing shows self-will, energy, some carelessness, a fondness for flattery and ostentatious display, generosity and mirth.

Billy.—Now, my friend, it is nonsense to write in such a strain. No girl living who knows anything of the world would be worth your love after indulgence of the appetite which now calls for "only a glass" would marry you. You have been guilty of many precious time to be very valuable to me. You can't teach me anything about it. Your ideas are too much like those held by hundreds of others. The world is full of such. Let it go and be married you would be very foolish and wicked.

Quill Driver.—I sympathize with you very fully, and I know something of the trouble myself. 2. Be just what a woman should be, dignified, modest and true-hearted. Do not think of marriage, and be strong to what you have to be right 3. Curly hair usually indicates tenderness, gaiety and a strongly emotional nature. No, not, unless under especial circumstances. Meeting eyebrows show jealousy and hasty temper. Will you write to me whenever you think that I can help you?

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

Rheumatism.

Rheumatism is defined to be a painful inflammation affecting the muscles and joints of the human body, chiefly the larger joints, as the hips, knees, shoulders, &c. It is of two kinds or stages: *Inflammatory and Chronic.* St. Jacobs Oil

CURES CHRONIC CASES OF 40 YEARS.

Symptoms.—The disease is the same—chronic or inflammatory—though the former stage is of a slower, more obstinate character. It is distinguished by soreness and stiffness of the muscles, and the misery is more in the nature of an aches than an acute pain.

NO RELAPSE AFTER CURE.

Treatment.—Rub the parts freely with St. Jacobs Oil, rub hard and vigorously, producing redness if you can. It is slow to yielding, wrap the parts in flannel steeped in hot water and wrung out.

NO RETURN OF PAIN. A FACT ESTABLISHED BY RENEWALS OF TESTIMONY WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN.

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It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head, Catarrh in all its stages.

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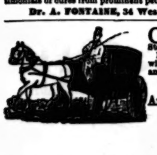

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They live together in tiny and most uncomfortable apartments in a highly aristocratic locality, and to accomplish this starve themselves and make very many little economies, over which a pitiful heart might ache; but locality—aristocratic locality—is everything to the Misses Porcelaine. They live on the borders of starvation to vulgarity, and most of their tiny income goes to pay the rent. You see they are not like other people whose grandfathers were nobodies. They are descended from a certain Lady Gwyneth, daughter of the Earl of McCrackle, and a Porcelaine who did doughty deeds and held high titles. And they have at home a great parchment, with a tree upon it—the family tree of the Porcelaines—and a book of records of the family, and a coat-of-arms on which a lion rampant is making very hideous faces at a fabulous animal couchant, who seems to have run off with the crown of the king of spades; and they once had an ancient parent who spent his life in maundering over the past, and never attempted to do anything with the present; and all this makes them so superior to other folk that they are obliged to live up to it.

They have done so all their lives. Miss Porcelaine, who was very pretty, had a lover once—a rosy young man, with a big heart, plenty of money, and an intense respect for old family affectations and absurdities, though with no ancestors worth mentioning, except a respectable soap fat dealer, who made the family fortune—and Miss Porcelaine was very fond of him. In fact, she spends her life in secret regrets concerning him; but she was firm; she could not "descend," she said. Her family required much of her. She sacrificed herself to her parents' insane veneration for the family tree, the aggressive lion, the big book, the memory of Lady Gwyneth and all the rest of it. And of her beauty nothing is left but the nineteen-inch waist.

The second Miss Porcelaine, Miss Elenora, had not beauty, but she had a voice, a fine ear, and exquisite execution.

Knowing that the family often existed on bread and tea a generous friend offered Elenora a musical education. She should be trained and brought out—she might have been famous; she must have filled the family coffers of the Lady Gwyneth's descendant, and she knew it, but the thing was impossible to the descendant of an old family. She resisted temptation and drove away her good friend in disgust.

The old maunderer who robbed his daughters of all natural and wholesome ambitions, and made them, Americans though they were, kneel before the cracked idols of dying monarchies in ludicrous worship, died years ago, but the influence of his teaching remains. The youth of the Misses Porcelaine is past. Their beauty gone. The voice that might have done so much, quite lost. They stare together in miserable gentility, but they do not regret their past. It is the ameliorating circumstance of their empty lives, that while others pity them, they clasp hands, proud of the fact that by word or deed they have never done anything to disgrace the old parchment, the coat-of-arms, or the memory of Lady Gwyneth.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

That Pendulum.

There is an unseen pendulum that swings between need and custom, moving to the old measure that governed it ages ago, having no respect to the rush of latter-day progress; an arbitrary thing it seems, as it gives itself to custom, and then suddenly returns to need.

"You can have your rights if you wait for them," seems to be the meaning of its motion, and both radicals and conservatives may find hope and comfort in accepting the promise. If one will study the history of reforms, it will be found that their adoption has been subject to the authority of this pendulum, and that neither enthusiast nor traditionist gets more than his rights.

Sometimes it is feared that innovators may banish the good old time-tried customs and manners that have worked themselves into the very heart of the nation's life, and when a startling style or change presents itself in society, and the tradition-holders become breathless with fear, then the just old pendulum begins its backward swing, and the innovation remains only in a form essential to need and the concensus of propriety.

When the Bloomer costume offered itself, and was accepted as an improvement by many women of sense, the fear rose that it might not only be generally adopted, but that the masculine dress entire would take its place. But a backward movement of the old pendulum set fear to rest, and after the many years we have nothing left of it but its fairy-like suggestion—the silken divided skirt, with all that is repulsive to feminine instincts eliminated.

Back of all our fashions, it may perhaps be said, there has been the force of need. It may have been that of a single person—a woman belonging to royalty—whose desire to conceal a personal defect or to enhance a charm has made her selfishly blind to the tastes and requirements of the masses, so that, with a tyrant's hand, she has subjected fashion to her will. But the general need—and here let it be said that the term applies not to the physical wants alone, but to those feminine instincts that are back of a woman's real choice—this need the pendulum respected, and swung toward it. There never was a time, it has seemed to some, when individual need was respected as now. The woman who will may modify a style by those mysterious touches that can change discord to harmony of effect, and through them she can adapt fashions to her own style, that without them would be quite unsuited to it.

There is no cause for fear along the different lines of progress that a monstrosity under the guise of a dress reform, or that a demoralizing custom, will grasp the swinging pendulum and control its movement. Its motion cannot be in the least affected by the whims, sensations, and innovations of the hour. So let the conservatives take comfort, and the radicals possess their souls in peace; for, waiting long enough, each get their own.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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50 CASES NEW SPRING GOODS

Millinery, Mantles, Dress Goods and Silks

Before moving to our New Stores, Nos. 206 and 208 Yonge street (Mr. Page's old stand), which we are having enlarged and improved to suit our large and immensely growing trade, we will offer the whole stock at 25 per cent. discount for 30 days.

SPECIAL---One Lot Jackets and Capes at $3, Worth from $6 to $8

This is a rare chance to get Bargains, as all Goods are New and First Class.

One Lot Heptonette and Spring Tweeds at Half Price.

Ladies remember we will open our new premises about 24th inst. Our work rooms are in full blast preparing new spring styles.

25 per cent. Discount on all Dressmaking till May 1

D. GRANT & CO., 167 YONGE STREET

"CANADA'S HIGH-CLASS PIANOFORTE."

WHY BUY A PIANO

Because it is a constant companion in the household. And because it makes home happy.

But there is a vast difference in Pianos. And if you are buying one to enhance the pleasures and delights of your home, it surely pays to select an instrument that will meet your requirements in the very highest degree. In that case it pays to buy a

MASON & RISCH PIANO

It surpasses all others in the rich, sympathetic quality of its tone, in great power and durability, and in the artistic elegance of its finish and design. It is a perfect instrument in every respect.

WAREROOMS - - - 32 KING STREET WEST. 653 QUEEN STREET WEST.

TORONTO.

SPRING OF 1891.

At once the largest and most attractive display of Wallpapers we have ever made. Novelties in all lines.

An immense selection of Sanitary (washable) papers in beautiful designs, at all prices from 18c. Combined effects for Wall, Frieze and Ceiling. A magnificent stock of Japanese Leathers, Anaglypta Relief, French and English Pressed Papers, Etc. Ingrains in New Shades with handsome Friezes to match.

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Application should be made personally or by letter to the Editor.

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Ladies' little Finger Rings, the very newest American designs—Hearts, Moonstones, Tourquois, Saphirines, Rosalines, &c.

Stamp Boxes, Street Car Ticket Boxes, Tablets, Combination Tablet and Stamp Boxes, Garter Buckles, Paper and Envelope Combinations, Pen Wipers, and a hundred other Nifty Novelties at

BROWN'S, 110 Yonge Street

PROF J. F. DAVIS

ACADEMY OF DANCING 102 WILTON AVE TORONTO.

HIS DANCES: BRONCO, JERSEY, RIPPLE, WALTZ, MINUET. HIS BOOK: THE MODERN DANCE TUTOR 50c

HIS MUSIC: BRONCO 35c, JERSEY 35c, RIPPLE 35c, WALTZ MINUET 50c, WALTZ 45c, WALTZ 25c, PIT A PAT SCHOTTISCHE 15c, LANCERS 50c, POLKA 50c TO PUPILS 25c

HAS TAUGHT 16,000 PUPILS

In our Bankrupt Stock of $18,700 from Montreal we have an immense assortment of Boys' and Children's Clothing. This stock was bought for the fall and winter business, and comprises the finest grades made for the Montreal Trade. The entire stock must be cleared before March 1, and has been marked at prices that will insure them going before then

Mothers will do well to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street
Cor. Shuter Street

Fathers - - and - - Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

T. K. ROGERS

522 Queen St. West TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street

GERMAN. FRENCH. SPANISH

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OF MODERN LANGUAGES

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Brantford, Ont.	Yarmouth, N. S.
Kingston, Ont.	And other cities.

Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Cornelle.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 60c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

JAMES PAPE

FLORAL ARTIST

78 Yonge Street, Toronto

Three doors north of King Street.

Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

A Lenten Amusement.

One of the popular amusements of this Lenten season for the fair devotees, is the mind-reader, clairvoyant, or fortune-telling man, whichever you prefer to call him, and in this case you literally "pays your money and takes your choice."

Mr. Mind-reader usually dwells in a secluded cottage by the stream of traffic, and the way into his parlor is often up a winding stair. But there is no danger of not coming down again, Madame, with her embonpoint and forty years, or her rose-lipped daughter in her seventeenth summer, are equally safe with the man of mysteries. He has eyes and thought only for the almighty dollar, which he is to hocus pocus out of their pockets into his.

First, you must go there by appointment. You may call and find your man star-gazing, but he will gravely ask you if you have an appointment. No matter how idle he be, he appoints an hour when he has no engagement, and sees you and your dollars depart. If you suggest a sitting then, his eyes take on an interverted stare, and he assures you that he cannot, in justice to himself or to you, grant you an interview. This deepens the mystery, and heightens your desire to test his occult powers.

When an appointee enters the hall of psychological science, the man—he is usually rather attractive—sits on one side of a center table, while his visitor occupies the opposite chair. He closes his eyes, and there is a profound silence.

"Your father is missing—do you know it?" says a voice that seems to fill the room.

The sitter starts.

"My father is dead," she says, reverently.

"That is what I mean when I say missing. He met with an accident at some time in his life, and carried the scar to his grave. Do you know it?"

"No-o-o," timidly from the startled fortune seeker.

"Very likely, but it is true. You have a sister who lives at some distance from you. She is married, but not happy. There is no love in the home——"

"Oh, that is wrong."

"I mean about there being no love in the family——"

"My sister is very happy," interrupts the sitter.

"You think so, but it is not true. Remember what I tell you. She keeps it from every one, but there is a consuming sorrow in the household."

"Tell me about myself," murmurs the sitter, who all this time is on the anxious bench.

"I am coming to that. You have a brother? There is a note of interrogation in his voice.

"Y-e-s."

"I know you have. He lives in a distant state. He has a scar on one foot. Do you know it?"

"Oh, yes, that is true. How in the world did you know it? He cut his foot with a hatchet when he was a small boy."

"Of course. I knew I was right. Now let me give you a warning. Do not ride after a dark horse. I see a picture in which you are in a slight accident. You can avoid it by refusing to ride after a dark horse for three weeks."

"But our own horse is dark," says the sitter, who dislikes an enforced penance of walking for the next month or two.

Then the keen psychologist studies her between half closed eyes.

She is ambitious, generous, impulsive, a true friend, has good business capabilities, could do anything if not controlled by circumstances, makes her home very pleasant, is fond of music, bric-a-brac, etc., etc. Then comes in the mysterious and unexplained part, the hit and miss of the fortune teller. He tells her the color of her husband's eyes, his temperament, his business capabilities and the success he has had in speculating. He hits the truth seven times out of ten. The other three he does not explain as failures. The pictures are shown him, and if it is a mixed horoscope it is not his fault.

"I have lost something," says an anxious woman.

"I perceive that you have. It is not money."

This may be either an affirmation or a question.

"No; it is something that I value very much."

"I do not see that you wear it about you; it is not a piece of jewelry."

"No; it is a paper."

"Ah!" He looks at her from under sleepy lids. She is not the sort of woman to have had, or lost, a love letter.

"It is a note—a business obligation."

"How did you know? Who could have told you. It was a note for several hundred dollars. Oh, can you tell me where it is?"

"Yes, it is destroyed. I see it among a lot of scraps that are thrown away."

"Oh, I am so glad. I was afraid some one had found it."

And madame goes her way with a tranquilized mind and a wonderful story to tell in italics to her sisters at their next Lenten lunch.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

The music loving people of Toronto will be glad to learn that the Perfect Transposing Pianos, now in general use in Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, are about to be manufactured in Toronto, one of which is now on exhibition at Nos. 108 and 110 King street west, and which everybody is invited to call and test. This piano is used by royalty and has the highest references from nearly every prominent vocalist and pianist in England and Europe.

Theodore Distin, Esq., professor of music and singing, writes: "I can hardly express how very much pleased I am with your new Patent Transposing Pianoforte. I think it is the best method of any I have ever seen, as the mechanism being entirely untouched or interfered with, it cannot possibly get out of order or be put out of tune. In other transposing instruments it is the key-board that is moved, which constantly causes the hammers and other parts to get out of order, and the instrument soon becomes useless, whereas in this the whole of the strings and soundboard are moved by a simple lever. I consider it the acme of perfection. It ought to come into general use."

George Grossmith, Esq., writes: "I think the piano most successful. It is the first time I have ever been able to play fluently in a key of seven sharps."

Descriptive circular sent free on application to A. H. Dixon, 108 King street west, Toronto.

Stew for Keeping.

Wife (at breakfast)—My dear, will you have some more of the stewed potatoes? I cooked them myself.

Husband—No; I've had enough.

Wife—What is the best way to keep potatoes, John?

Husband—Stew 'em.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Deceived by Clothes.

An amusing event, proving the truth of the saying that one should not always judge by appearances, occurred during the girlhood of Mrs. E——, now a resident of San Francisco. Many years ago, when Sir John Franklin, the famous Arctic explorer, was appointed governor of Tasmania, her father was one of the leading men of that island. The new governor proved to be rather eccentric in disposition, and, among other eccentric habits, was that of dressing at times in a marvelous garb, somewhat resembling the livery of a coachman. Shortly after his arrival, being on one occasion arrayed in this peculiar costume, he asked Mrs. E——, who was then a young school-girl, to take a walk with him in the public gardens. They had proceeded only a short distance, when they met the leading grocer of the town, who, having stopped her, rebuked her for her familiarity with a person who appeared to be greatly inferior to her in social position, saying, among other things: "What would your father think, if he saw you in such company?" A short time after this, Sir John held his first reception, and the grocer having attired himself in his best suit of clothes, went to pay his respects to the new governor. Great was his consternation, when, on going up to be presented, he recognized in Sir John Franklin the man whom he had met a short time before in the public gardens, and great was his chagrin when Sir John, looking toward a young girl who was in the room, said, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all present: "What would your father think if he saw you in such company?"

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

A LEAN purse takes on a new lease of life when it comes in contact with the values we're offering in Dress Goods this season.

In such thoroughly satisfying materials as Cashmeres, Serges and Brocades the values are strikingly special. A Cashmere marked at 35c a yard is holding more than commonplace attention. Well it may. It's a Cashmere. By this we mean that it's a genuine Cashmere---not a piece of Union goods, or a makeshift that's supposed to pass muster for the real article some places. You'll look around and find yourself being asked 50c. yard for like goods---elsewhere.

Checked Lustres, double width, 20c. You know them as 45c. goods.

There's no required line for early spring wear that our counters do not contain. Cheviots, in handsome tweed effects, are much in demand. It's only within twenty four hours that we've put into stock several cases of this spring's openings of these goods. We can trust them to meet your approval.

Of Dress Goods we're telling you. Everything needed in the way of dress trimmings and small wares you're able to get from us. You can order your spring dress goods by letter.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., Toronto

Entrance Yonge St. Entrance Queen St.

Artistic Millinery

THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

65 King St West

(First floor—opp. Mail Office.)

Are now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

SPRING HATS

New Styles and Fashionable Colors

From the leading English and American manufacturers.

FUR CAPES

For Spring Wear in

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346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DEAN—At Lindsay, on March 9, Mrs. H. B. Dean—a daughter.

HORROCKS—At Toronto, on March 10, Mrs. Cecil S. Horrocks—a daughter.

LIGHTFOOT—At Toronto, on March 4, Mrs. James Lightfoot—a daughter.

STEEP—At Toronto, on March 8, Mrs. William R. Steep—a daughter.

BENJAMIN—At Toronto, on March 6, Mrs. Alfred D. Benjamin—a daughter.

HATTON—At Toronto, on March 8, Mrs. W. H. Hatton—a son.

ROSBERY—At Oshawa, on March 5, Mrs. J. W. Rosbery—a daughter.

BANKS—At Toronto, on February 26, Mrs. T. Banks—a daughter.

SPENCE—At Toronto, on March 5, Mrs. R. F. Spence—a daughter.

SMITH—At Toronto, on March 7, Mrs. W. H. Smith—a son.

MARSHALL—At London, on March 3, Mrs. Joseph H. Marshall—a daughter.

Marriages.

CALLAGHAN—STERLING—At Toronto, on March 6, D. A. Callaghan to Marion E. Sterling.

WORDSWORTH—GORMLEY—At Toronto, on March 9, T. F. Wordsworth of Thornhill, Man., to Mary Gormley.

HESSEY—COLEMAN—At Toronto, on February 25, James K. Hessey to Lily Coleman.

BENNETT—TAYLOR—At Toronto, on March 7, Archibald Bennett to Bertha Taylor.

KINSEY—LAUDER—At Edgar, Ont., on March 4, W. W. Kinsey of Bracebridge to Eilen Lauder.

ORR—McMANUS—At Toronto, on February 11, Robert Henry Orr to Alice McManus.

COPELAND—STEPHENS—At Toronto, on February 10, W. A. Copeland to Mary Cromble Stephens.

BENDER—PLATTEN—At Toronto, on March 11, C. A. Bender of New York to Annie M. Platten.

Deaths.

FRASER—At Detroit, Mich., on March 2, Grace Gordon Fraser, aged 6 years.

BAIRD—At Toronto, on March 7, Susie Baird, aged 22 years.

DENOVAN—At West Toronto Junction, on March 7, infant son of Alexander Denovan, aged 1 year.

WILMOT—At Clark, on March 9, Mrs. Allan Wilmot, aged 78 years.

STRATTON—At Stoke-Devonport, England. Mrs. Mary Stratton.

JAMES—At Toronto, on March 9, John James, aged 46 years.

McKINNON—At Toronto, on March 8, Mrs. Flora McKinnon, aged 87 years.

OLMSTED—At Parkdale, on March 10, youngest son of S. R. Olmsted, aged 2 years.

MURPHY—At Port Dalhousie, on March 8, infant son of Edward and Maggie Murphy, aged 5 years.

AMBROSE—At Hamilton, on March 9, Mrs. Walter Ambrose, aged 46 years.

GORDON—At Toronto, on March 10, Mrs. James Gordon, aged 34 years.

WRIGLEY—At Toronto, on March 7, Joseph Wrigley, aged 43 years.

FOX—At Toronto, on March 11, Charles James Fox, aged 23 years.

BAIRIE—At St. Thomas, on March 9, John D. Bairie, P.L.S.

MUNRO—At Glencoe, on March 2, Mrs. George Munro, aged 64 years.

LEVEY—At Toronto, on March 11, Charles Levey, aged 60 years.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, on March 11, Mrs. Allison White Anderson, aged 69 years.

DUFFY—In the township of Albion, on March 8, James Duff, aged 77 years.

CROWLY—At Toronto, on March 10, Mrs. John M. Crowly—aged 25 years.

DOCKER—At Temoore, California, on March 4, William Henry Docker.

MORRISON—At Toronto, on March 10, Catherine Morrison, aged 21 years.

RANNEY—At Toronto, on March 11, Mrs. Catherine Ranney, aged 85 years.

DOHERTY—At Toronto, on March 10, infant son of W. K. Doherty, aged 8 months.

SPECIAL EARLY

MANTLE DISPLAY

2,900 NEW GARMENTS

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF MANTLES

LADIES' JACKETS---Coats in all the newest shades and styles, and in Black, Navy and all desirable colors. HUNDREDS OF STYLES.

NEW DOLMANS, WRAPS AND DEEP CAPES.

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' Coats and Wraps in all the new shapes and colors, very cheap.

Heptonette Cloth Waterproofs and Tweed Waterproofs in great variety.

TO THE TRADE---We sell at specially close prices.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East - - - - - 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

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THE GREATEST

THE GRANDEST

THE BIGGEST

Bargains Ever Offered, Previous to Remodelling Their Premises

Alterations begin February 1. Mantles clearing at half price. $10 Ulsters selling for $5. A similar cut on ever Jacket in stock.

Millinery at Your Own Price

Trimmed Millinery does not improve with lime dust, so that must go regardless of cost.

Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Cottons, etc., at wholesale prices.

MacLEAN & MITCHELL, 240 and 242 Yonge Street

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GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

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Is a marvel. The diversity of styles, range of fabrics, beauty of design and superiority of workmanship must be seen to be appreciated. For the holiday season we offer exceptional bargains in Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

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DON'T SWALLOW

Such preposterous trash as the big DISCOUNTS ADVERTISED to hoodwink customers and

CATCH THE CASH

We quote net prices, and the value offered is indisputable. Our stock of

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SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS

Is practically unlimited.

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Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.

Telephone 1384

All Things to All Men.

Moses, jr.—Fader, a shentleman in de shop vants to know if dot all-vool, non-shrinkable shirt vill shrink?

Moses, sr.—Does it fid him?

Moses, jr.—No; id is too big.

Moses, sr.—Yah, id vill shrink!—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Skeleton at the Feast.

Mrs. Blobbs—Don't you enjoy a good dinner, John, when I go into the kitchen and cook nice things for you myself?

Mr. Blobbs—Yes—er—that is, to a certain extent. But on such occasions I always know you're going to ask for some money.—*West Shore.*